



A. Kneller del.

A. Kneller sculp.

LAURA MARIA.



A. Savoy del.

A. von Asten. Sculp.

LAURA MARIA.

THE
POETRY
OF
THE WORLD.

The World was before them
Where to chase MILTON.

VOL. IV.

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TO

LAURA MARIA.

TO the NAME which has long and frequently adorned the PAPER of the WORLD, by her Productions, it may not seem unfair that this Volume should be inscribed. Those who know the fair AUTHORRESS will join in the justice of this tribute.

THE PUBLISHER.

TO THE NAME WHICH HAS LONG BEEN
REVERED AS THE TABLE OF THE WORLD,
AND WHICH IT MAY BE SAID TO HAVE
BEEN THE FIRST TO REVEAL TO THE
EYES OF MANKIND.

THE PUBLISHER.

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[1]

THE
POETRY
OF
THE WORLD.

LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE.
TRANSCRIPTS
FROM THE
ALBUM of the FATHERS.

No. I.

Mr. GRAY.

OH tu, feveri RELIGIO loci
Quocunque gaudes nomine (non leve
Nativa nam certè fluenta
NUMEN Habet, Veteresque Sylvas;

VOL. IV.

B

PLA-

PRÆSENTIOREM et conspiciamus DEUM

Per Invias Rupes, fera per Juga

Clivosque præruptos, Sonantes

Inter Aquas, *Nemorumque Noctem.*

Quâm si Repostus sub Trabe Citreâ

Fulgeret Auro, et Phidiacâ Manu)

Salve Vocanti ritè, Fesso et

Da placidam juveni quietem.

Quod si Invidendis sedibus, et frui

Fortuna Sacrà lege silentii

Vetat volentem, me Reforbens

In Medios Violenta Fluctus;

Saltem Remoto des, Pater, Angulo

Horas Senectæ ducere Liberas

Tutumque VULGARI TUMULTU,

Surripias, HOMINUMQUE CURIS.

T. G. *Anglus.*

August 21, 1741.

No. II.

No. II.

Mr. BECKFORD:

To ORISONS the midnight bell
Had toll'd each silent inmate from his cell ;
The hour was come, to muse or pray,
Or work mysterious rites that shun the day!
My steps some whisp'ring influence led
Up to yon pine-clad mountain's gloomy head!—
Hollow and deep the gust did blow,
And torrents dash into the vales below!—
At length the summit high attain'd—
A moonlight-chequer'd darkness round me reign'd!
As fearful turn'd my searching eye,
Glanc'd near a SHADOWY FORM, and fled by!—
Anon before me, full it stood—
A bearded figure, pale, in pensive mood!—
Cold horror thrill'd me till it spoke,
And accents faint, the charm-held silence broke:
“ Long TRAV'LER, ere this region near,
“ Say, did not whisp'rings strange arrest thine ear?—
“ My SUMMONS 'twas, to bid thee come,
“ Where sole the FRIEND of NATURE loves to
“ roam!—

" *Seven ages past*, this drear abode
 " To SOLITUDE I sanctify'd, and GOD!—
 " 'Twas here, by love of Wisdom brought,
 " Her truest lore, SELF-KNOWLEDGE first I fought;
 " Devoted here my worldly wealth,
 " To win my chosen son's IMMORTAL HEALTH!—
 " 'Midst these black woods, and mountains steep—
 " 'Midst the wild horrors of yon desert deep—
 " 'Midst yawning caverns' watry dells—
 " 'Midst long sequester'd isles, and peaceful cells
 " No passions, fell, distract the mind,
 " To SILENCE, NATURE, and HERSELF consign'd!—
 " In these still mansions who shall 'bide,
 " 'Tis mine with Heav'n's appointment to decide.
 " But hither I invite not all!—
 " Some want the will to come, and more the call;
 " But all, mark well my parting voice,
 " Led, or by chance, necessity, or choice—
 " (Ah! with our GENIUS dread to sport)
 " SAGE LESSONS here may learn of high import—
 " Know SILENCE is the NURSE of TRUTH!—
 " Know TEMPERANCE long *retards* the FLIGHT of
 " YOUTH.
 " Learn hence, how PENITENCE and PRAY'R
 " Man's fallen race for HAPPIER WORLDS PRE-
 " PARE!—

" Show

"Show mild DEMEANOR, void of art,
 "And bear AMIDST THE WORLD THE HERMIT'S
 "HEART!—
 "Farewell! may BRUNO'S WORDS avail,"
 He said, and sunk into the misty dale!

WILLIAM BECKFORD,

June 8, 1788.

No. III.

Mr. LETTICE,

SONNET.

"SEVEN Stars," exclaim'd the MITRED SEER,
 "I saw
 "Mark yon *dear desert*, with CELESTIAL LIGHT!"
 His wond'ring words, th' enraptur'd BRUNO
 draw—
 Soon rise the CHARTREUSE holy Domes to fight,

No SHEPHERD'S PIPE, no rude, no savage sound
 Must here RELIGION'S HALLOW'D REST profane;
 No HUNTSMAN'S STEP invade this awful round,
 Where SILENCE, PEACE, and MEDITATION reign.

But WOMAN most, the lovely tempter here,
 Alarms the consecrated breast with fear!
 The PAPHIAN STAR, shone not among the seven!
 Ah! BEAUTY'S SMILE must never pierce the
 gloom!
 The World, its wealth, its glory, all might come,
 Nor steal so soon the HERMIT'S HEART from Hea-
 ven.

J. LETTICE.

June 8, 1778.

No. IV.

The Rev. Mr. WHALLEY.

HAIL, SACRED HORRORS! Hail, ye frowning
 Woods!

Ye Pine-clad Summits—and ye roaring FLOODS!
 STUPENDOUS ROCKS, that daunt the daring Eye!
 And Lordly MOUNTAINS, menacing the Sky!
 Hail, Dazzling SNOWS! that on the barren brow
 Sublimely sit, and to the Gulf below
 Add tenfold Darknefs! Hail, ye Mazy DELLS!
 Where midst her secret caverns ECHO dwells!
 Moans with the Wind, or walks her awful round,
 From Cliff to Cliff—where Thunders rock the
 ground!

Hail,

Hail, all ye clouds! whose varying fleeces spread
Refulgent glories on the Mountain's head!
Wreath, light their crags, or must'ring from afar
Your gloomy squadrons, threat tempestuous war!
Hail, hollow sounds! that mutter thro' the groves,
Whose midnight murmurs RAPT ATTENTION loves.
Hail, MYSTIC SHADOWS! that o'er garish light
Throw your dark veils, and deeper make the night.
Hail, every object fancy loves to trace!
Each awful feature, and each dreadful grace!
To each and all, thrice hail! but most of all,
Hail, the LONE HONOURS of yon STATELY WALL!
Which lifts with SILENT MAJESTY its head,
Deep in the bosom of the solemn shade!
Hail, BLEST ASYLUM! for the wounded mind,
Where ev'ry earthly coil is left behind.
Where GLOWING HOPE her radiant path pursues,
And PARADISE in bright perspective views!
Where ARDENT FAITH, with her aspiring Eye,
Spurns the base Earth, and soars in flame to Sky!
Where CHARITY extends her healing Love,
And, BLESSING HERE, confirms her bliss above!
There CONTEMPLATION sits amidst the gloom,
And deeply ruminates the WORLD TO COME—
Bends o'er the precipice with stedfast eye,
Whilst wholly wrapt in meditations high;

Or, plung'd in shade, hangs pensive o'er the shrine
Where BRUNO's spirit, from the realms divine,
Watches his darling flock with guardian care,
Fosters each sigh, and gathers every tear!
Or, 'midst the midnight terrors far apart,
Pouring in fervent pray'r the burning heart,
Hears the SMALL VOICE amidst the rush of floods!
And sees ETERNAL LIGHT beam thro' the depth of
woods!

Far from the goadings of insatiate pride;
Each passion silenc'd, and each want supply'd;
Each vain desire extinguish'd in the breast,
And ev'ry craving appetite at rest.
How BLEST, YE HOLY MEN! how blest to meet
Content and Virtue in this calm retreat!
To make your future bliss your only care,
And pass your spotless hours in peace and pray'r!
View in bright ecstasies the blest abode,
And e'en on EARTH hold commune with your God!
Well may ye prize your chosen lot! and well
Disdain a World where vice and follies dwell!
With HOLY PITY eye the thousand cares
To which its bustling 'habitants are heirs!
And as ye look benevolently down,
Like ANGELS weep the SORROWS NOT YOUR OWN.

THO. SEDGWICK WHALLEY.

(No date.)

No.

No. V.

Mr. MAINWARING.

O Quam conveniens fratrum, Natura, Locique
 Purior hic pietas! Hic magis alma quies!
 Cœlestes animo cum contemplabere sedes——
 Dic mihi;—non propius, sentis adesse Deum?

J. MAINWARING, *Anglus,*

(*No date.*)

Mr. SPENCE.

No. VI.

STOP now, my wand'ring thoughts!
 And let REFLECTION with EXAMPLE teach,
 How SOUL-FELT HAPPINESS differs
 From the vain pursuits and futile joys
 Of the great and giddy world.
 I AM A MAN, born within the prospect
 Of all the world calls happiness on earth,
 Whose vain mind, swol'n with sanguine hopes,
 Seem'd almost to grasp the wish'd-for goal—
 AM NOW DEPRIV'D OF ALL!
 EXCESS OF WORLDLY EXPECTATION was my crime!

Dis-

DISAPPOINTMENT my punishment!
RESIGNATION is my COMFORT!
And surely HERE I find a SOOTHING LESSON
To lull the turbulent passions of the Soul.
On ev'ry side NATURE displays an awful solemn
scene;
And MAN seems tranquil in conscious innocence!
His humble heart unswol'n with earthly pride,
SEEKS COMFORT BUT FROM GOD!
Sure, from a WELL-MEANING LIFE,
To find hereafter an ETERNAL BLISS.
PIETY AND BENEVOLENCE are all his thoughts,
And all his WAYS ARE PEACE!

Oct. 16, 1776. HENRY SPENCE.

No. VII.

MR. GREATHEED.

IN FULLER PRESENCE, we descry,
'Mid Mountain Rocks, of trackless height,
These Cliffs—and sounding Streams—this Night
Of solemn Grove—a DEITY!
Than Eye of man shall e'er behold
In living grace of Sculptur'd Gold!

Aug. 1783. BERTIE GREATHEED.
No.

No. VIII.

Mr. PARSONS,

HENCE the loud laugh, the festal song—
Hence, MIRTH, with all thy train
Of vacant minds, the bustling throng,
The giddy and the vain!

To other scenes let these repair,
Where Pleasure spreads her stores;
Melts to consent the panting fair—
The liquid ruby pours!

Where pert PARISIANS, flatt'ring shine,
Through modish raptures rove;
The "*petit souper*" gaily join,
* Or "*spin the perfect love.*"

Or where loose Venice, less refin'd,
And earlier found to cloy,
On the smooth sea at ease reclin'd,
Glides to the coarser joy.

* "*Filer le parfait amour,*" a phrase at Paris.

These

These have I known—But now, no more
Thro' frolic paths I roam;
Paths, if the loit'ring SOUL explore,
THEY LEAD *not* to ITS HOME!

So glancing fwallows skim the tide,
So lightly dip their plume;
And when the faithless wave is try'd,
Their tow'ring flight resume.

Hail, AWFUL SHADES! which most revere
The tuneful and the good!
To VIRTUE, as to FANCY dear,
Ye raise my serious mood.

What, tho' perchance in cloister'd scenes,
VICE may her form intrude,
Polluting all the hallow'd green
With impious orgies rude!

Say, where beneath the tented sky,
Where is she not a guest?
In shades that mock Day's piercing eye,
More piercing she has rest!

But

But conscious SCIENCE still must own,
When all was gloom around,
Her dying embers could alone
In CLOISTER'D SCENES be found.

Nor VIRTUE can inconstant fly
Her *best nurse*, SOLITUDE!
Here may she prompt the holy sigh,
The worldly wish exclude!

While PIETY that seeks the sky,
Firm FAITH's seraphic fire,
Sit pleading in each lifted eye,
Each Oraison inspire!

FATHERS, forgive this hasty verse,
That blots your offer'd page,
Unskill'd my transports to rehearse
With GRAY's diviner rage.

Of all whose step permitted roves
These regions of delight,
"These clefted rocks, this night of groves,"
How few like him can write!

Yet

Yet lives there one to whom the Muse
Ere dealt her feeblest ray,
Who shall, in grateful song, refuse
His nightly bed to pay.

In his cold breast may FANCY die!
No rapt'rous thoughts prevail!
Be NATURE torpid to his eye,
And let him tread the vale!

June 3, 1786.

WM. PARSONS.

EXTEMPORE LINES,

On being rallied by two Young LADIES at the THEATRE,
for heaving a Sigh and dropping a Tear.

To count my Sighs as they are breath'd,
My Tears that chase my cheek—
You'd deem my brows by Cypress wreath'd,
So sad the Tale they speak.

Yet, 'tis not Sighs of *Woe* I heave,
Nor Tears of *Grief* I shed;
Those would waft in the *Marriage* Eve;
These wet the Nuptial Bed.

'Tis the soft wish of calm desire,
On wings of Hope fleet borne;
Not the rude breath of wild despair,
Nor the deep-sounding mourn.

'Tis the Dew-drop of Love, that falls,
Fresh shook from Venus' Bow'rs—
'Tis the Dew-drop of Love, that falls,
From thence to sweeter Flow'rs.

ODE,

On the Distant VIEW of FRANCE

FROM

DOVER CLIFF.

In the Year 1789.

GENIUS OF FRANCE! thy misty shore
 From ALBION's rocky verge I trace,
 As high above the billowy roar,
 I dart my view thro' subject space:
 Thron'd on this cliff's embattled brow,
 I seem the lord of all below,
 And while my patriot passions boil,
 I gaze indignant on thy crouching foil!

Has not *old* OCEAN's ruthless force
 Torn thee from favour'd BRITAIN's side?
 And here with well-directed course
 Still rolls HE not his barrier tide?
 Yes!—his dividing waves design'd
 To give this lesson to mankind—
 'Tis NATURE's voice, 'tis HEAV'N's decree,
 BRITAIN! *alone* be great—*alone* be free."

Warm'd

Warm'd with the thought my fancy dreams
Of all the mighty deeds of old,
When BRITAIN rous'd to martial themes
Her MONARCHS stern, her WARRIORS bold:
I hear from off this airy steep
Her thunder rattle o'er the deep,
See in the field her fire display'd,
And mark the withering LILY droop and fade.

Then proudly turn my mental eye
On scenes of council—scenes of peace,
Where FREEDOM lifts her voice on high,
And bids each tyrant passion cease.
Illustrious ISLE! let circling fame,
Thy just pre-eminence proclaim!
In clashing arms, in sage debate,
Alike supremely brave—supremely great.

Such flattering visions sooth my soul,
—Elanc'd from this aerial height;
No narrow bounds her range controul,
No power restrains her daring flight.
Say what awakes the EAGLE'S fire?
The *pride* his towering haunts inspire—
He wheels around his favourite stand,
And frowns contempt on every distant land.

HUSH'D *be the haughty strain!* a sound
 Of maddening joy bursts on my ear!
 From shore to shore its echoes bound—
'Tis new-born FREEDOM's voice I hear!
 Arous'd at Superstition's death,
 In GALLIA's womb she pants for breath!
 Fresh shouts announce the finish'd strife,
 She breaks her bands—she springs to life!

Transporting sounds! they check my pride,
 My flattering visions melt away:
 At Wisdom's nod my vaunts subside—
 I own her just, impartial sway.
 From clime to clime may FREEDOM's note
 On Ocean's wavy bosom float!
 May rapid gales its spirit bear,
 Till every distant tribe the blessing share:

ENLIGHTEN'D FRANCE! no more I view
 With cold contempt thy glittering coast—
 To active worth is honour due;
 Th'unfetter'd mind has cause to boast.
 Henceforth e'en BRITAIN's splendid name
 Can no superior lustre claim,
 Nor singly now shall dart its rays,
 But blend with thine in FREEDOM's *spreading blaze.*

Enough

Enough of war, of proud disdain—
The selfish thought, the taunting jest ;
Absurd distinction—preference vain,
Be banish'd from the liberal breast !
YE swell'd the list of human woes !
YE made of FRANCE and BRITAIN foes !
Taught each to scorn its neighbouring state,
And thwart its views with unremitting hate.

Malignant SHADOWS—hence, away !
Hie to some dark, unletter'd shore !
Behold the dawn of Reason's day—
BRITAIN and FRANCE contend no more :
In Freedom's cause from age to age
Shall both with equal warmth engage,
Pursue the same exalted plan,
And vindicate on earth the RIGHTS of MAN.

THE POOR MINSTREL.

ODE
FOR THE
NEW YEAR;

By. T. WHARTON, Esq. POET LAUREAT.

IN rich refulgence rob'd, the year
Again revolves his swelling sphere,
Profusive pours bright beams around
On high-wrought WINDSOR's holy ground,
Not now Time's wizard eyes behold
A cluster'd range of Barons bold,
Not now, 'mongst steeds, the buckler'd ray
Darts, as of yore, nocturnal day,
When EDWARD to the tourney led
The Knights that rival EUROPE bred
Yet still beneath the fretted roof,
Where war-won banners wave aloof,
In gorgeous garb fair dames aspire,
Spread with light sweep their tissued trains,
Shoot from soft orbs attractive fire,
And lure to love the peopled plains.

The

The steel-clad champion's pond'rous plume,
 The sword's gigantic stroke is o'er,
 Yet nobler now is ALBION's alter'd doom,
 To lift the loyal lay, and BRUNSWICK'S STAR ADORE.

II.

Vast are the themes of BRITAIN'S boast,
 Immortal ALFRED rul'd her coast,
 For RUFUS' fall a Nation's tear
 Deplor'd the miscreant's erring spear.
 Sublime was valiant HENRY's fate,
 Sublime ELIZA's sumptuous state,
 Nor long did RICHARD's boar-like rage
 Defile his country's pictur'd page.
 The two CONTENDING ROSES shoot,
 With stronger hold their mingled root.
 But not alone for elder days,
 Shall flow the tide of regal praise:
 Our bounteous GEORGE from ills remov'd,
 Has quench'd the flame which burnt the land,
 By richer rectitude belov'd,
 He gives, with willing force, command.
 The subject race who wail'd their stroke,
 When ENGLAND'S Sun awhile was set,
 Again find glory in their silken yoke,
 Nor tell of TUDOR'S line nor proud PLANTAGENET.

III.

GAUL, of her sceptred honour shorn,
Her lacerated lilies torn,
Vainly lifts up her wav'ring eye,
To all-delusive LIBERTY.
She tears her KING's best rights away,
And madly plants her CIVIC BAY;
Each cloister'd nook she next explores,
And gives to DEMAGOGUES her shores.
Her LETTER'D SOURCE with poison teems,
Rul'd by each RUFFIAN's MYSTIC DREAMS;
Not thus, our Isle's exalted hour
Calls forth the Poet's plausible pow'r
To hail a PATRIOT MONARCH's part,
Who opes his virtuous pattern wide,
And show'rs down wealth, and blifs, and art,
And glories in the public pride.
His thunders shake the Eastern world
Till INDUS bow the baffled head,
O'er AUSTRIA's grasping realms his rage is hurl'd,
And RUSSIA hears the sound, and shudd'ring shrinks
with dread.

IV.

IV.

Swift rising from his pearly cave,
OLD OCEAN cleaves the briny wave,
His brows by coral wreaths comprest,
While sedgy honours load his breast.
Raptur'd he views this conqu'ring plain,
And yields the fasces of the main.
How chang'd! since erst the LATIN LORD
Defac'd the DRUID's hallow'd hoard,
And taught their scythed cars to fly,
Scar'd at his eagle's burning eye.
For now in ev'ry dale divine,
Where riot Nature and the Nine,
From heart-felt joy the Peasant pours,
Without one sad inquiring groan,
The voted portion of his stores,
Glad that the lesser share's his own.
Pleas'd with their lot, in fond surprize,
The rustic Bands exulting sing,
Confess the wisdom of TRADUC'D EXCISE,
And swell with CHARLOTTE's worth, THE TRI-
UMPH OF THEIR KING.

THE
SOLILOQUY OF AMARYLLIS,
THE QUIET SCENE.

"Care Solve Beate!"

YE *silent* GLOOMS and HORRORS *blest*!
Ye soft retreats of peace and rest!
O! with what joy my ravish'd eyes
Again behold your beauties rise!
And, had but HEAV'N's benignant voice
Left my own station to my choice,
Not for the fam'd *Elysian Bow'rs*,
Where constant sport the *rosy* HOURS
And DEMIGODS enraptur'd range,
Your gentle shades would I exchange.

HERE pleasures glad the simple *swain*,
Which crowded cities seek in vain,
Where mortals oft, who gain the most,
Have still the smallest share to boast;
Where prone they sink beneath th'acquest,
Far less possessing than possess.—
NOT *riches these*—but chains to bind
The SACRED FREEDOM of the mind,

O! what avails, in youth's gay hours
The boast of beauty's magic pow'rs!
Or HONOUR true, or *noble* BIRTH,
Or all the gifts of HEAV'N and EARTH!
Here smiling plains and blest retreats,
There, meadows deck'd with rural sweets,
And fertile hills with pasture crown'd,
And flocks, more fertile, browsing round—
If, with the blessings HEAV'N has sent,
The dull possessor's discontent?

HAPPY the *rural Maid*, whose wait
With scanty robe is scarce embrac'd—
Tho' coarse her dress, yet clean and white,
And pleasing to th' attracted sight.
Blest in herself—by Nature blest,
No sigh disturbs her peaceful breast—
She in *sweet* POVERTY's bleak haunts
Feels not its griefs, nor fears its wants,
Nor knows the pains nor splendid care
The wealthy and ambitious share:—
Possess'd of all content requires,
To damp the embers of desires.
Her's are the stores—the happy stores,
That *simple* NATURE round her pours:
The milk, that fills the morning bowl,
Converts to "*Mildness in her soul*,"

And,

And in each lovely look we see
The genuine sweetness of the BEE.
The fount, irriguous as it strays,
With cooling draught her thirst allays—
'Tis this her fervid limbs receives,
And this the just resemblance gives.

In vain, for her, across the skies,
Or hail or thunder-clouds arise—
In ev'ry state, in ev'ry form,
Her Poverty DEFIES *the Storm*.

Amidst the weight of mortal woes,
One only tender care she knows,
Along the vale and o'er the steep,
With pasture green she feeds her sheep;
And with her eyes, devoid of pain,
She gently feeds her raptur'd swain.
Not such as men or angry fate
Have destin'd to the bridal state;
But whom, her simplest hopes to share,
Kind love has granted to her pray'r.
Beneath the myrtle's fav'rite shade,
All lost in bliss, and loosely laid,
With equal warmth *she* darts her eye,
With equal warmth *his* looks reply :

Nor

Nor does he hide the joys he feels,
Nor she the secret flame conceals.

O! LIFE DIVINE! unvext by fears,
Which knows not Death till Death appears!
Would HEAV'N but hear my fond request,
Soon should my soul with thee be blest.

THE WORLD,
Jan. 8, 1790.

SIMON IN WALES,

TO HIS

BROTHER SIMKIN in TOWN.

THRO' TAFFY LAND, *Brother*, a rumour has spread,
That SIMKIN, alas! must be certainly dead;
From your silence unusual, the rumour arose,
Or from something, 'tis likely, that nobody knows.
Some think you're disgusted at losing the post
Of RECORDER to BURKE, and his tongue-fighting
Host :

But I hope that my SIMKIN, though B—— is unjust,
Will not hold himself back, giving way to disgust;
Though Lady D—NC—N—N's RECORDER elect,
Your Verses in Wales will be read with respect.
Your Kindred and Friends all unite in beseeching,
That as ED—D and COLLEAGUES go on with *im-
peaching*,

Notwithstanding your present official dismissal,
You will, in defiance of BURKE's prohibition,
In the Boxes, as formerly, take up your station,
And give us the substance of every Oration.

From

From your Letters, when finish'd, I mean to com-
 pose
 A curious Collection of ED——D's *Bon Mots*,
 Of ideas sublime, dress'd in beautiful Prose.
 The work will be useful, as well as amusing,
 And instructive to Youth in the *arts of abusing*.

There's STOCKDALE, who deals in political
 writing,
 Who has suffer'd in pocket, I hear, from indicting;
 And to make up the loss, in the way of his trade,
 Is selling the Speech that his Advocate made;
 That Speech must be able, conclusive and strong,
 Which could prove to a JURY the COMMONS were
 wrong:

Through TAFFY LAND ERSKINE has spread his re-
 nown

By this Speech, so I beg you will send it us down.
 This STOCKDALE, hereafter, shall publish my Work,
 I mean the *Bon Mots* of the Orator BURKE:
 And the sayings of CHARLEY and JOSEPH are equal
 In value, and are to appear in the sequel.
 We have Children of four, who, in high imitation
 Of the Westminster Heroes, can make an Oration,
 For an hour by the clock, against base speculation.

One thing I have heard, but I can't think it true;
If it were, it had surely been mention'd by you:

ANSTRUTHER, they say, was once HASTINGS'S
Friend,

And in *Leadenball-street* did his conduct defend;
That conduct which now 'tis his pride to attack,
And to prove to the COURT is so frightfully black;
That very same conduct he prov'd to be right,
Without spot or blemish, and perfectly white.

Oh! tell me, *Dear SIM*, can this possibly be,

Or are Travellers idle, imposing on me?

If the story were grounded, I'm certain the Court
Would think all he said a mere matter of sport:

All the BISHOPS would pray for new light to con-
duct 'em,

And in ANSTRUTHER'S *mystical ways* to instruct 'em.

Lord TOWNSHEND would ask him, if what he ex-
press'd

That day, should be constru'd in earnest or jest?

Lord THURLOW would think it extremely provo-
king,

That his time should be spent to hear ANSTRU-
THER'S *joking*;

Unless he loves Music; and therefore rejoices

In the harmony sweet of the MANAGERS' Voices.

But, pray, can a Sophist so able be found

As to prove the same Timber 's both rotten and
sound? I'm

I'm convinc'd, on reflection, it cannot be true ;
 For 'tis more than the wisest Attorney can do :
 The man who confesses he once has deceiv'd,
 Has no reason to hope he'll again be believ'd.

I shall finish this Letter with high expectation
 Of your giving new proofs of your Verification
 In ANSTRUTHER's, FOX's, or EDMUND's Oration. }

The Lungs of the latter, from resting so long,
 Have recover'd, no doubt, and are active and strong ;
 From practising oft in the BENCH and the PLEAS,
 ANSTRUTHER can speak with more freedom and
 ease :

The LORDS have recover'd, 'tis hop'd, from their
 fears,

And got well of the bruises they had in their ears ;
 Whilst HASTINGS, grown callous from habit and use,
 Can bear, with more patience, reproach and abuse.

I have heard something else, which I almost forgot ;
 'Tis improbable, therefore I credit it not ;

By his friends and his foes 'tis in gen'ral expected,
 That BURKE, as a Candidate, will be rejected, }
 And never in PARLIAMENT be re-elected :

There was something he said of a PERSONAGE ROY-
 AL,

Which is highly resented by all that are Loyal ;
 per-

Perhaps the same story related by you,
'Tis the HURLING I mean, but I hope 'tis not true.

Oh, SIMKIN! you soon must want food for your
pen,

If depriv'd of this best of Political Men;
I will work double tides, and his character raise
By my Verse, and the HERALD shall publish his
praise;

Were I suffer'd to whisper in MAJESTY's Ear,
I could arguments bring, irresistibly clear,
That if BURKE utter'd language that border'd on
Treason,

'Twas when disappointment had smother'd his Reason;

That His MAJESTY's Servants were chiefly in fault,
Who rewarded BURKE's merit much less than they
ought;

For where is the man who has stronger pretension
To a PAYMASTER's Place, or a MINISTER's Pen-
sion?

I have heard that he once was for starving the —,
But you know that *revenge is a pitiful thing*;
Nor can we expect that so generous a man,
Should follow his own economical plan.

Indeed, *my Dear BROTHER*, I cannot help thinking,
'Tis our int'rest conjointly to save him from sinking,

By

By hiding his faults, and his virtues revealing—
So forget his unkindness, and stifle your feeling.

THE WORLD,
Jan. 21, 1790.

THE
BASTILE.

Lo! that dread PILE! which late triumphant stood,
And frown'd terrific on the neighb'ring flood,
From which blank Terror turn'd the guarded eye,
And the pale stranger pass'd in silence by;
From its proud height behold it now o'erturn'd,
Its turrets levell'd, and its ramparts burn'd,
The secrets of its dark abyss disclos'd,
And the base marks of barb'rous Power expos'd.
In those damp, dismal dungeons, see consign'd
To lasting durance the benighted mind,
Without one ray of light to cheer the gloom,
One ray of hope to mitigate th' doom.
Here on the mournful walls engrav'd are shewn,
The ceaseless plaint and unavailing moan,
The long, sad journal of each wretched hour,
Till memory at last forgot its pow'r,
On such keen woe a kind oblivion shed,
And a deep blank o'er banish'd reason spread.*

* After the fall of the BASTILE, and the rise of a temple to Liberty on its ruins, then follows the characteristic mention of the leading Speakers in the ASSEMBLEE NATIONALE.

There

There pure CHAPPELLIER's uncorrupted part,
SIEYES' firm faith and RABAUD's blameless heart,
BAILLI, unmov'd in Fate's most trying hour,
CLERMONT's true worth, and TARGET's magic
pow'r;

With each heroic chief who nobly rose
To stem the torrent of domestic foes,
Shall stand confest with all their various praise,
And o'er the fabric shed their guardian rays.
Round the fair dome let each gay image rise,
Each sculptur'd grace to glad a nation's eyes,
As marks on ev'ry free-born heart engrav'd,
And fix'd memorials of an empire fav'd.
Thus, whilst with sudden rage the tempests roar,
And the charg'd clouds their wat'ry deluge pour,
Rais'd by the glorious ruler of the day,
See the rich bow its painted form display,
And to a glad and grateful world declare,
The pledge and promise of celestial care.

THE
SOUTHAMPTON.
ARCHERS.

WHILE the SONS of SOUTHAMPTON unite, to re-
store

The arms that distinguish'd our Warriors of yore,
Wreaths of ancient renown on our ARCHERS shall
wait,

And Sir BEVIS himself smile applause at her gate.

To this manly delight, the Immortals were given,
APOLLO and CUPID were Archers in Heaven;
That art, WIT, and BEAUTY, must ever approve,
Which was known to the Gods, both of Science and
Love.

Tho' Jove shook the Welkin with terrible roar,
And NEPTUNE's loud billows affrighted the shore;
Yet *this* with his trident, and *that* with his thunder,
To the little blind ARCHER we're forc'd to knock
under.

By an arrow, ACHILLES was robb'd of his life,
A bow gain'd ULYSSES his kingdom and wife;

Sure

Sure the Poets to quote, we may ne'er be afraid,
Since to *shoot in long bow* was always their trade.

But the annals of Truth, our own annals can show—
How ENGLAND's *free Yeomen* excell'd with the bow—
Nor our annals alone—FRANCE her witness can yield,
From the trophies of CRESSY and AGINCOURT's
field.

With an arm strong and manly, they bent the tough
yew,
To the steel-pointed head, the long arrow they drew,
Unerring, and swift flew each death-bearing dart,
And dy'd the *Goose Wing* in an enemy's heart.

Then fill ev'ry glass, and my toast I will name,
" *May this Meeting be sacred to Freedom and Fame ;*
" *By the smile of the Fair, may our efforts be crown'd,*
" *And the ARCHERS OF ENGLAND be always re-*
" *crown'd.*"

THE
RONDEAU.

By Miss H. VAUGHAN.

WITH trembling lips my suit I move,
And fondly urge the melting theme ;
I ask not Passion, ask not Love,
But PITY mingled with ESTEEM.

Ah! give that soft emotion scope,
For ev'ry glance must LOVE declare ;
A *smile*, a *look*, can kindle *hope*,
E'en from the *asbes* of DESPAIR.

THE WORLD,
Feb. 8, 1790.

LORD DERBY's
MIRACULOUS DINNER.

MESSIEURS SHERIDAN and BURKE,
Each as fierce as any Turk——

Vow "They now separate for EVER."

DERBY steps in—and GIVES a Dinner:

"O, Heavens! cries each repentant Sinner—

A DINNER! then—we separate—NEVER!"

THE WORLD,
Feb. 13, 1790.

THE
DESERT
TO THE
DINNER.

COLONEL FITZPATRICK.

IF DERBY stops our quarrels with a dinner—
Egad!—our BLUE and BUFF will not grow thinner.

LORD DERBY *himself*.

“Words in the House”—cried LORD—“are easy
“work:

“But shocking ending with a *Knife* and *Fork*!

MAJOR NORTH.

Should all the SQUAD dispute from North to South,
Full hard poor DERBY’s lot—to *stop each mouth*!

Mr. TICKELL.

“*The war of friends*”—cries BURKE—“I call sub-
“*lime*:
“The *beautiful* is—afterwards to dine,
“And quench our quarrels in His LORDSHIP’s
“*wine*.”

ON THE
 RECIPROCAL BLANDISHMENTS
 OF
 Mr. HAYLEY and Miss SEWARD.

“TICKLE *me*,” says Mr. HAYLEY,
 “TICKLE *me*, Miss SEWARD, do!—
 “Depend upon’t, then I’ll not fail ye,
 “But, in my turn, will *tickle* you.”

To it then they fall a *tickling*—
 SHE. “Sir, your Poems are divine!”
 HE. “MA’AM, I’ll aver it, without *stickling*,
 “You, alone, are all the NINE!”
 SHE. “BRITAIN’S *Wonder*!—BRITAIN’S *Glory*!—
 “Mr. HAYLEY, that is you!”
 HE. “MA’AM, you carry all before ye—
 “Trust me, LITCHFIELD’S SWAN, you do!”

Thus these *feeble* BARDLINGS squand’ring
 Each on each their lavish rhymes,
 Set the foolish reader wondering
 At the GENIUS of *the Times*.

So have I seen, *great* Dr. GRAHAM!
Two frowning *Porters* at thy door,
Whose very fierceness did betray 'em,
And shew their want of heart the more.

Yet have they been so dizen'd out,
So seeming of their courage jealous,
As to persuade the *rabble rout*,
They both were most TREMENDOUS FELLOWS.

St. John's, Cambridge.

THE WORLD,
Feb. 15, 1790.

THE
OLD QUARREL.

On a Late unfortunate accident from a PHAETON in
THAMES-STREET.

PIGMIES and CRANES have quarrell'd in time past :
And that their fierce dispute should ever last,
Seems to HIGH JOVE most meet :
So PIGMY passing quietly along——
Was seiz'd by CRANE most violently strong,
And laid *neck-broken* in the street.

Now, *Master CRANE!*—this was not pretty,
When you so fine and long a neck had got—
To crush *Poor PIGMY*, in the City——
And send his little neck to pot!

THE WORLD'S ADMIRER,

THE WORLD,
Feb. 17, 1790.

THE
EFFECTS
OF
O R A T O R Y.

Inscribed to MR. ANSTRUTHER.

BEFORE th' IMPEACHMENT—fires, however small,
Serv'd to give warmth to WESTMINSTER's *great*
Hall:

BUT ANSTRUTHER has now so cool'd each Caldron,
That coals have risen—Five Shillings in the Chal-
dron.

Adelphi Wharf.

SWORN METER.

THE WORLD,
Feb. 20, 1790.

CHANGE
OF
WEATHER.

Dedicated to
MR. ANSTRUTHER.

WHILE starv'd CONFECTIONERS, in language keen,
Exclaim'd—"That ICE would ne'er again be seen!"
And fear'd too early SPRING's untimely breath
Might thaw each *unic'd Gentleman* to Death:
GREENLAND's *dread* GENIUS, clad in snows, awoke,
And cried—"There *shall be* ICE!"—and so—AN-
STRUTHER spoke.

THE WORLD,
Feb. 22, 1790.

S I M K I N

TO

S I M O N.

IF my Letter should give you less pleasure and sport
Than ANSTRUTHER last Tuesday afforded the
COURT,

I expect you will take up your pen, to implore,
That on subjects like these I will write you no more:
But among all the virtues by Poets possess'd,
FIDELITY, being the rarest, is best.

I therefore shall strictly adhere to my plan,
And give you the words of this marvellous man,
With all the exactness I possibly can: }

“ You remember, *my Luds*, when the *Parliment*
clos'd,

“ I told you the task which *my Master* impos'd ;

“ *Some years have elaps'd* since it fell to my lot,

“ (I remind you thereof, as you may have forgot)

“ To sum up what proof we were able to bring,

“ AS to HASTINGS's conduct to RAJAH CHYTE
SING :

“ I

" I prov'd to your *Ludsbips*, by arguments strong,
 " That HASTINGS was always *externally* wrong;
 " And now 'tis a duty incumbent to add,
 " That his conduct was also *internally* bad;
 " But whether we view him *without* or *within*,
 " No object occurs, but the *PICTURE of Sin.*"

The Hero went on in this manner of pleading,
 Whilst some were his former *antithesis* reading;
 They ask'd, if the man whom he thus reprehended,
 Were the same whom he formerly prais'd and de-
 fended?

And concluded at last, that 'twas only the name
 Which misled them to fancy *the person the same*:
 They suppose *th'* *Encomiast* was ANSTRUTHER'S Bro-
 ther,

Or instead of *this* HASTINGS, it must be another;
 But whilst their identity was in debate,
 PLUMBOSO announc'd *he was GOING to state*;
 Then to stating he went, tho' I cannot tell what,
 Or if ever I knew, I remember it not;
 It was something of HASTINGS's having destroy'd
Six Revenue Councils, and having employ'd
 Black Agents, who follow'd his orders and rules,
 When they brought into use a *COMMITTEE of Tools*.
 The *Committee of Tools*, he was free to admit,
 For the requisite use, might be proper and fit:

But

But because they were qualify'd well for the post,
 They of all people should be avoided the most.
 He said, that when HASTINGS had fully abolish'd
 All check and controul, by thus having demolish'd
 The *Revenue Councils*, he fear'd no detection,
 But gave to the SINGS an extensive Collection.

Now my Hero, with gravity solemn, describes
 The places and times of receiving the bribes;
 And tho' HASTINGS carry'd the total amount
 Of the sums he receiv'd to the PUBLIC ACCOUNT,
 Yet ANSTRUTHER thinks that he meant to have
 kept it,
 Why else, in God's name, did he ever accept it?
 Of this, he declar'd he had perfect conviction,
 From his Minutes containing a *flat contradiction*.

"My LUDS, I will shew 'tis extremely absurd
 "TO CREDIT A MAN THAT DEPARTS *from his*
 WORD;

"*When a Man with himself in dissention we find,*
 "'Tis evidence strong of a *very bad mind*."

Here their LORDSHIPS to each other laughingly
 said—

The blow which the ORATOR gave his own head,
 Had fractur'd his skull, if it had not been LEAD: }

Whilst

Whilst the Ladies, *all tendernefs* star'd, I suppose,
Expecting to see the blood run from his nose.

To demonstrate his great architectural sense
And rhetorical skill, he declar'd, the Defence
Of HASTINGS was built of materials unsound,
The *foundation* of which he would pull to the ground.
Having shewn himself thus an expert *Rhetorician*,
He prov'd himself next a most able *Logician*—
“ My LUDS, to your LUDSHIPS I'm GOING to state—
“ But first I must beg you'll attend to the date—
“ Jan'yary the twenty'th, the year Eighty-two,
“ This Letter was written, which cannot be true;
“ The ship fail'd in *March*, for which reason I say,
“ 'Twas only *apparently* written that day.”

To prove himself very precise and exact,
In quotation, as well as in statement of fact,
He just told the LORDS, that he meant to extract }
A passage from HASTINGS's Letter; and next,
He gave his *own Comment* instead of the TEXT :
“ My LUDS, we have no direct proof to adduce,
“ That the Money was taken for HASTINGS's use ;
“ But yet, tho' the Evidence is not direct,
“ Constructive may serve to supply the defect :
“ On proof by Construction did DONELLAN die,
“ Then in HASTINGS's case let Construction apply.
VOL. IV. E “ My

“ My LUDs, to your LUDSHIPS I’m GOING to state,
“ That folk without doors are with triumph elate,
“ Because DEBY SING was, on trial, acquitted
“ Of the cruelties EDMUND suppos’d he committed;
“ But, my LUDs, notwithstanding that BURKE’s
“ Allegation
“ Was made, I admit, without proper foundation;
“ And tho’ DEBY SING was but slightly to blame,
“ Yet HASTINGS’s guilt is precisely the same;
“ For HASTINGS the Government held at the time,
“ Responsible, therefore, for every crime:
“ Whenever crimes rise, or wherever crimes fall,
“ All the guilt must be his—he shou’d answer for
“ all.”

In this manner PLUMBOSO expended three hours,
And astonish’d the Court by the length of his powers:
But still all his stating, relating, and showing,
Left me and most others extremely unknowing;
Nor could we find out, in the mass of confusion,
One clear allegation, one proof, or conclusion:
And, as for my own part, with shame I confess,
The more I attend *I remember the less*.
By the Judges, no doubt, he was well understood;
But to me he appeared like a *Fox in a Wood*,
Where hounds, unexperienc’d, may wander about
Whole days, without driving the animal out.

At

At least twenty times when the Hero repeated—
 “My LUDS, *I have shewn—I have prov’d—I have*
stated,”

I ask’d the By-standers to tell what was shown,
 But their knowledge appear’d to be less than my
 own;

If, therefore, my writings perplex’d and obscure,
 ’Tis an evil that does not admit of a cure.

In the morning, the HALL was but thinly attend-
 ed,

And deserted almost e’er the story was ended:
 Tho’ HASTINGS, as usual, was often abus’d,
 ’Twas so heavily done, that we were not amus’d;
 Of course, I resolv’d on postponing my letter,
 In hope the next day might produce *something better*;
 But in this expectation again I was wrong,
 We had only the CLERK’s *monotonical Song*.
 Before I quite finish this Letter, I’ll mention
 The reason of JOSEPH’S and EDMUND’S dissention—
 The *latter* maintains it were safest and best,
 That the conscience of men shou’d be put to the test;
 Whilst the *former*, a man of ideas enlarg’d,
Whose troublesome conscience has long been discharg’d,
 To doctrines restrictive can never agree,
 But would have, like his own, ev’ry conscience go
 free:

And 'tis just—for tho' with it the mind be more
right,
Unincumber'd with conscience, the action's more
light;
The hands more alert, or with *Bludgeon* or *Spell*,
May insinuate the *Doctrines* of FRANCE in PALL-
MALL.

THE WORLD,
Feb. 23, 1790.

—*Ecce iterum!*

The CRANE again!

TOMMY PIGMY, the CRANE,
 Had you pitch'd on your Brain,
 To the Devil had certainly fent ye;
 Save your Bones, my dear TOM;
 So for time that may come,
 FESTINA, but let it be LENTE.

THE WORLD,
 Feb. 24, 1790.

DERBY'S DINNER.

A PARTY-COLOURED SONG.

*Captum te nidore suæ putat ille culinæ
Nec male conjectat: Quis enim tam nudus.—*

JUVENAL.

IN times so eventful, my Muse might seem mad,
If she once fail'd to mark the designs of the Squad;
She knows all their haunts—where they *plot, drink,*
 and play,
Knows they're deeply in debt, but knows *not* when
 they'll pay.

Sing tantarara, R-g-s all, &c.

When Lord-loving EDMUND, and mob-stirring
 DICK,
Of each other's politics grew mighty sick,
To settle their stomachs, to quiet their gall,
Lord D——gave his treat, and fung “ Liberty
 “ Hall.”

And tantarara, R-g-s all, &c.

After

After dinner in style was serv'd up, and 'tis true,
 A dinner's an object to bare "BUFF and BLUE;"
 DICK SHERRY gave sentiment—DERBY gave—
 And *moral decorum* CHARLES kick'd out of doors.
 To sing tantarara R-g-s all, &c.

Come MORRIS, said CATILINE—give us a song—
 Brother BURKE, Brother SHERRY, we're both in
 the wrong;
 So 'gainst PITT and his surplus let's each a stave
 sing,
 To any one tune, saving "*God save the King.*"
 Sing tantarara, R-g-s all, &c.

STAVE BY MORRIS.

Let the young Tory PITT prate of spendings and
 savings,
 The country's cash we want—but to gratify our cra-
 vings,
 Let him drown the nation's debt, in fund *pro bono*
 sinking,
 While we to drown our cares, only crave a fund for
 drinking.

Bow wow wow.

STAVE BY DUKE OF P——

When Prime Minister I'm made,
 With patronage invested,
 "BLUE and BUFF" be not afraid!
 Not one shall be arrested;
 Of mortgage, bond, and note of hand,
 The public p—— shall ease you;
 Your Creditors, by my command,
 Shall but for *Orders* tease you.

STAVE BY SHERRY.

The P—— is the Sun of my table,
 His beams to me incline;
 The Planet am I, not able
 Without his help to shine;
 Then put the toast round to the French, Sirs,
 "Destruction to all KINGLY power,"
 But to PRINCES who laugh, drink and wench, Sirs,
 May Fortune her favours e'er shower.

STAVE BY CHARLES, *the pious, and Dissenter the
 most devout.*

Priests, Bishops, and Deacons, might all to a man,
 Pronounce it both sin and a libel,
 Yet were I Financier, my very first plan,
 Would be to tax every Bible.

Epif-

Epistle, belief, gospel, pray'r-book and creed,
 Doubtless luxuries are to the foul, Sir,
 Therefore, if of taxing the State stood in need,
 Why on them too I'd levy the toll, Sir.

PADDY BURKE next struck up in harmonious tones,
 And PADDY in Loyalty—equals PAUL JONES!
 "Mr. Chairman," he cried, "I most humbly be-
 sache,
 "That instead of a Song—you'll accept of a *Spache*."

NOW MANAGER MAGPYE—BURKE's senses doth
 keep,
 Bid EDMUND to sing, and not *talk* them to sleep;
 "So I will," replied EDMUND, "and sing too, sub-
 lime,"
 And said he, "Brother Manager—*kape* me in time."

AIR BY BURKE.

"There was a Louse got into my Wig,
 Hic, hoc, horum, et sublime O!
 It gave THREE SKIPS, and danc'd a jig,
 And mov'd in Minuet time O!
 But when the *Comb*, my brown Bob curl'd,
 Hic, hoc, horum, et sublime O!
Little Louse from his THRONE was HURL'D,
 And cut off in his prime O!"

STAVE

STAVE BY PATRICK COURTENAY, *in a big*
Passion.

When Fox takes the reins in Britannia's Car,
If I once get in place, be it Peace, be it War—
Like the Steed in the Stall, when the Stable's on
fire,
I'll sooner than quit it, in *blazes expire!*

To sing Hub-bub-boo, did-a-roo,
Scarce am I able,
Arrah! Hub-bub-boo, what must I do?
Not a coat to my back, not a joint on my table,
Not a Boot for my foot, not a leg for my shoe.

STAVE BY SIR GREY COOPER, *straining and*
quavering.

Britons are *bound* stale Debts to pay,
The maxim needs no urging,
By Taxes then to *cleanse* away,
Britons are *forely* purging.

CHORUS—I, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6!

DERBY now try'd *in vain*, to make friends of sworn
foes,
For DICK foam'd and look'd red—EDMUND turn'd
up his Nose;

And

And some folks shrewdly think, they ne'er mean to
embrace,

Till EDMUND gets pension'd—and DICK gets *a Place*.

Sing tantarara, R-g-s all, &c.

But our Vessel of State is well mann'd, steer'd, and
stor'd,

She wants not a Blue and Buff Sailor on board;

If the CREW man a Vessel—that Vessel you'll say,

Shou'd be first that weighs anchor for *Botany Bay*!

Sing tantarara, &c.

Now the Party broke up, and then *Demagogue* Fox
From his pocket produc'd packs of Cards, Dice,
and Box;

Flats and Sharps took the hint, all went deeply to
play,

And each Rook pluck'd his Pigeon before break of
day.

Tantarara, &c.

ON A
GREAT COMIC ACTRESS.

THAT two short Lines may all the praises tell
Of ONE—who is, and must, and shall be—well:
'Tis thus—HUMOUR and *comic* TRUTH,
AGILITY and—EVERLASTING *Youth!*

A FREE-HOLDER OF ABINGTON.

THE WORLD,
Feb. 26, 1790.

SIMKIN

TO

SIMON.

DEAR SIMON, it needs must afflict you to know
That the MANAGER's *Box* is deserted by JOE;
But, by way of affording you some consolation,
'Tis suppos'd that he means to compose an oration,
To deliver in person, not many months hence,
In the HOUSE of St. STEPHEN, in WARREN's De-
fence—

And prove that the Party by BURKE was misled—
He will contradict all that he formerly said.
He'll affirm the DEFENDANT's of virtue a pattern,
And the BEGUM of OUDE a detestable flattern;
For on *this side* or *that* JOSEPH enters the list,
And partners are chang'd, like a *rubber of whist*.
But now your attention once more I recall,
To the MANAGERS *Battles* in WESTMINSTER
HALL—

PLUMBOSO, alas! indescribably dull,
On Tuesday said nothing for SIMKIN to cull,
And, indeed, 'tis a point of incertitude, whether
The COURT had not lost all the Ladies together,

If

If EDMUND, *Great EDMUND!* who always attends,
 Had not made us, on Thursday, some little amends.
 But now, in discharge of my trust as RECORDER,
 The Proceedings of Thursday I'll give you in order.

PLUMBOSO address'd himself thus to the Peers—
 "My *Luds*, I shall state, *in the course of three years*,
 "All the Revenues which in BENGAL were collected,
 "Amounted to less than what HASTINGS expected:
 "In the three former years I shall shew an excess,
 "Whilst the following three were productive of
 "less."

'Twere needless the Evidence here to rehearse—
 'Tis sufficient to say—that it prov'd the *reverse*.
 PLUMBOSO next said—He was ready and willing
 To prove GOONGA GOVIND a terrible villain;
 And, this to effect, he proceeded to quote
 A Letter, which LARKINS from INDIA wrote—
 It stated that GOONGA's detention of treasure,
 In HASTINGS's mind had excited displeasure;
 Then the Hero, from HASTINGS, a document
 brought,
 To shew GOONGA GOVIND was never in fault.
 At the moment, it struck me, that this accusation
 Was brought against HASTINGS, in retaliation
 For SCOTT's charging PLUMMY with like varia-
 tion.

Per-

Perhaps, in your snarling sarcastical way,
 On the reading of this, you'll be tempted to say—
 That LARKINS and HASTINGS, like *Calvin* and *Luther*,
 Are persons distinct, but that PLUMB and ANSTRUTHER
 Are one and the same—and 'tis thence more absurd,
 In PLUMMY to vary from ANSTRUTHER's word.

Having thus prov'd that GOONGA was vastly to blame,
 He would prove KELLORAM was precisely the same—
 An unprincipled fellow, (perhaps a *Dissenter*,)
 And therefore unfit for a Company's Renter.
 This *Character-cutting* awaken'd the feeling
 Of the soft-hearted LAW, who is clever at healing.
 He mov'd—"That the MANAGERS might not enlarge
 "On matter which could not be found in the
 "Charge."
 Here the business appear'd to be ill understood,
 For tho' LAW could not find it, the MANAGERS
 cou'd:
 For *Character-cutting* PLUMBOSO contended—
 And declar'd, upon *that* the whole Trial depended—
 "For my *Luds*, to your *Ludships* unless we can state
 "That HASTINGS's Renters were villains complete,
 "That

“ That his motives were bad beyond all contradic-
 “ tion,
 “ We shall never be able to carry conviction.”

Here BURKE, springing up, a comparison drew
 From the *Merchant* of VENICE and SHYLOCK the
Jew.

In language pathetic the Leader complain'd,
 That in cutting of HASTINGS his hands is restrain'd:
 “ My Lords, on reflection it needs must be found,
 “ That the Counsel have taken untenable ground—
 “ From the body of HASTINGS suppose it be true,
 “ That but one pound of flesh is the MANAGERS’
 “ due,
 “ Yet we hope that your Lordships will let us take
 “ two.

“ In criminal cases, except only this—
 “ In precision, perhaps, there is nothing amiss;
 “ But the cutting of HASTINGS and spilling his
 “ blood,
 “ For the cure of extortion ’s a recipe good:
 “ So we trust that your LORDSHIPS will not bid us
 “ stop,
 “ But let us proceed till we spill the last drop.
 “ My LORDS, to the Proverb whoever attends,
 “ Must know that a chain has a *couple of ends*;
 “ And

" And that, by experience, 'tis constantly found,
 " That the person who binds, is in *vinculo* bound :
 " That is, whosoever brings forth accusation,
 " Is bound to establish his own allegation.
 " My LORDS, in the cause we are hearty and steady,
 " And to prove all we say are both willing and ready ;
 " And do it we shall, by God's blessing and gift,
 " If your Honour and Justice will lend us a lift :
 " Your LORDSHIPS, I think, must undoubtedly
 " know,
 " How much we are hated above and below :
 " If HASTINGS hereafter acquitted should be,
 " *Pray what must become of my colleagues and me ?*
 " Your LORDSHIPS should, therefore, in commise-
 " ration
 " Of *our* dangers, indulge us in strong aggravation."

And I think, my *dear* BROTHER, as most people
 must,
 'Twere better that HASTINGS, by sentence unjust,
 Shou'd suffer for crimes *that he never committed*,
 Than BURKE be disgrac'd *by his being acquitted* :
 But LAW, who, perhaps, never made this reflec-
 tion,
 Or weakly supposes a Lawyer's protection
 Is due to the Client, renew'd his objection.

So the LORDS were in consequence forc'd to retreat,
And on KELLORAM's character held a debate.

They return'd—and the MANAGERS then were
acquainted,
That KELLORAM's character must not be tainted:
But EDMUND, much hurt by their LORDSHIPS de-
cision,
Made a comment or two, in the way of revision:—

“ The COMMONS, my LORDS, do but ill under-
“ stand
“ The technical forms of the Law of the land;
“ And as few of us here are professional men,
“ We a latitude claim for the tongue and the pen;
“ And not being bred in LEGALITY's *Schools*,
“ We set at defiance all shackles and rules:
“ We are privileg'd men, and the Guardians of
“ Freedom,
“ And liberties take whensoever we need 'em.
“ My LORDS, there must follow a consequence bad,
“ If the MANAGERS are not permitted to add
“ New matter at pleasure, without going back
“ To St. STEPHEN's for licence to change the attack.
“ From the Chapel new Charges, 'tis true, we may
“ bring,
“ And give the old Story about DEBY SING:
“ But

" But I wish not; my LORDS; to put this to the
 " proof,
 " *Left the Commons shou'd say, we have voted enough.*
 " My LORDS, your decision, tho' ill understood,
 " Was made, without doubt, on a principal good:
 " A PRISONER, you think, shou'd be tenderly us'd,
 " And answer that only of which he's accus'd;
 " But HASTINGS, my LORD, has long since been
 " acquainted;
 " That we thought KELLORAM deserv'd not to be
 " fainted—
 " Besides, should the COMMONERS articles draw,
 " According to rules; and the customs of Law,
 " I maintain it would be an iniquitous breach
 " Of *privilege*, granted to those who IMPEACH—
 " But, my LORDS, it would make all the MANA-
 " GERS glad,
 " To prove KELLORAM bore a character bad."

All this, notwithstanding, the COURT ne'er ex-
 prest

The least inclination to grant his request;
 This failing, PLUMBOSO more artfully try'd
 To bring in his proof on the opposite side:
 But HASTINGS's Counsel the danger foresaw,
 And the door was close barr'd by the *vigilant* LAW.

Then BURKE wou'd have prov'd, had the LORDS
not refus'd him,
That HASTINGS's *Libellers daily abus'd him*;
And what he conceiv'd a more dangerous thing,
Was, their knowing the proof he intended to bring:
But LAW, who on EDMUND still fixes his eye,
Begg'd to know to what Article this could apply:
In a few minutes after their LORDSHIPS adjourn'd,
And the MANAGERS all to St. STEPHEN's return'd.

One thing, my dear BROTHER, I have to remark,
Upon something I lately was told by a CLERK:
CHARLES said to the CHANCELLOR, not a week
back,
That in five or six days they wou'd end the attack.
I was frighten'd at this, and inclin'd to suppose,
That in less than a twelvemonth the TRIAL would
close;
But now I'm convinc'd that my CHIEF will endeavour
To make the IMPEACHMENT *continue for EVER*;
And I hope that the LORDS his endeavours will
blefs,
And grant him, in all things, the wish'd-for success.

TO
OLIVIA.

*"Ob! may these Lines the Name I hide impart,
" And point their Author to her conscious Heart."*

THOU *soft Inspirer* of each anxious pain,
Oh! teach me to endure thy cold disdain:
The *sights of FRIENDSHIP* I might learn to bear,
But those of LOVE are nourish'd by Despair:
When hopeless passion guides the poison'd dart,
That deeply rankles in the youthful heart,
No lenient balm in time or change is found,
"The shaft extracted does not cure the wound."
Must I, unpity'd, all the sorrows prove,
That torture Constancy, or sadden Love?
The *dream of HOPE*, that prompts the rising Sigh;
Th'impassion'd Tears that fills the swimming Eye;
The transient Glow, that mantles o'er the Cheek;
The soften'd Rapture, language cannot speak;
The anxious Fear, in ev'ry look express;
The silent conflicts of an aching Breast—
Must never more my ardent passion prove,
Or mark the fervour of my artless Love?

No more in fond illusion pafs the day,
And gazing on Thee, figh my Soul away ;
While on my soften'd heart I fondly trace,
The magic sweetness of that heavenly Face.
Must I no more that gentle influence prove ?
Ah! No, OLIVIA scorns my proffer'd Love:
From cold Despair the lovely VISION flies,
Chill'd by whose icy band sweet FANCY dies:
The fond confession of my anxious pain
You heard with scorn and answer'd with disdain ;
Tho' great th' offence, no other force employ,
For cold neglect th' offender will destroy.

THE WORLD,
March 5, 1790.

TO

OLIVIA'S

PICTURE.

IMPERFECT *image* of the maid I love,
 Dear silent witness of my anxious pain;
 To THEE I sigh, for thou wilt not reprove,
 Nor chill my rising hopes with cold disdain.

Come, lov'd companion of my lonely hour,
 Thou soft beguiler of my falling tears;
 Come, faint resemblance, prove OLIVIA'S power,
 Charm my fond doubts, and dissipate my fears.

How oft when cold neglect has wrung my heart,
 And eyes averted—bid me hope no more,
 This *lovely* PORTRAIT has, with magic art,
 Awaken'd Hope, and bade me still adore.

But since OLIVIA never must be mine,
Since my fond sighs can ne'er her pity move,
With life alone, this treasure I'll resign,
Sad valu'd relict of successful LOVE!

THE WORLD,
March 9, 1790.

SECLUSION.

Adapted to the tender *Adagio* of the memorable D. RIZZIO.

(*Roslin Castle.*)

O, Far from FORTUNE's tinsel state,
And all the joys on wealth that wait,
Ye guardian powers! my lot assign!
But give me, in some humbler shade,
To clasp some fond consenting maid,
And call *domestic pleasures* mine.

'Twas thus, to HEAVEN's paternal care,
I breath'd my unambitious prayer,
And, prostrate, fought a doom benign.
I fought—and, lo! th'assenting skies,
Bade thee, my JULIA, instant rise,
And make *domestic pleasures* mine.

And now your insect wings, YE GAY!
Ye flutterers thro' life's little day,
Expand—and boast your gaudy shine:
'Tis all in vain—I ask no more—
In her I view an ample store
Of dear *domestic pleasures* mine.

TO
 WILLIAM HODGES, Esq.,
 On viewing his PICTURE,
 TAKEN FROM THE
MERCHANT of VENICE.

WHILE, like th' *Empyrean bird*, that doom'd no
 more

Through floods of light and trackless suns to soar,
 Clipt the broad splendour of his warrior plume,
 Groans the *proud boast* of some Imperial dome;
 While thus bright GENIUS, in a venal age,
 Checks her full flight and shews her *half* her rage,
 Condemn'd to trace the scene she must deride—
 The pension'd Laureat of fastidious pride—
 'Tis thine, unequall'd ARTIST, it is thine
 To raise her form, and shield her in decline,
 To snatch her sinking in the grasp of *death*,
 And lift her laurels from his withering breath.
 Yet who can view thy *band* and gen'rous *heart*
 Still nobly struggling for the noblest art,
 Unbrib'd with wealth, undaunted by the storm,
 Still searching NATURE through her varying form;
 Nor

Nor blush to think how coming years will name
Thy long *arrears* of unrewarded fame.
While the vain *Portrait*, with usurping pow'r,
Boasts her poor triumphs of the *fleeting hour*,
Thy labours, built on subjects more sublime,
Shall claim cotemporary reign with Time—
Shall, like the BARD, whose unexhausted page
Directs thy pencil and attracts thy rage,
Tho' manners change, tho' shifting fashions roll,
Through unborn ages still command the *soul*.
Could HE now quit that lyre, on *earth* admir'd,
Which Seraphs found no *change in Heav'n* requir'd,
How would he, smiling, gently by thee stand,
And wait each fair creation of thine hand;
At every stroke, rejoic'd, would clap his plumes,
Where all the Poetry of Painting blooms;
Where every touch *converses* with the heart,
As NATURE *varied*, yet *correct* as ART;
How would he own, with eloquence divine,
His *fairest comment* in thy glowing line;
How would he *feel* each breathing beauty sprung,
That ask a *second SHAKSPERE* to be fung.

PHILANDER.

WHEN still, and mould'ring into dust, shall lie
 The throbbing inmate of this troubled breast,
 The lov'd destroyer of its peace may sigh!
Perhaps may grieve, that she denied it rest.

Ah, no!—if, conscious of the fondest pray'r
 That ever issu'd with expiring love,
 Heav'n makes unblemish'd innocence its care,
 No pang shall reach her, and no sorrow move.

Not e'en remembrance, if remembrance give
 A grief to what is purity refin'd,
 Shall in the mazes of reflection live,
 Or dare to trespass on her angel mind.

One sigh, to mingle with my parting breath,
 One transient sigh may lend;
 The coldest bosom will be touch'd by death,
 And feel for nature when her charms must end.

Nor

Nor let the vain *that* throbbing pulse despise,
Which swells to grief and melancholy woe;
A rapture glimmers on affliction's sighs,
Which truth alone and sympathy can know.

Yet far from *thee*———remove
Each thought that points thee to Philander's tomb;
All joy be thine!—and should'st thou deign to love,
E'en o'er the Cypress may the Myrtle bloom.

POOR TOM;

OR

THE SAILOR'S EPITAPH.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor TOM BOWLING,
 The darling of our crew,
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
 For Death has broach'd him too.
 His form was of the manliest beauty,
 His heart was kind and soft,
 Faithful below he did his duty,
 And now he's gone aloft.

TOM never from his word departed;
 His virtues were so true ;
 His friends were many and true hearted,
 His POLL was tender too.
 And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly—
 Ah! many's the time and oft ;
 But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
 For TOM is gone aloft.

Yet

Yet shall poor TOM find pleasant weather,
When HE, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,
TOM's life has vainly doff'd ;
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

THE WORLD,
March 12, 1790.

SIR PAUL

AND THE

SHAVER.

SIR PAUL, a gaunt old Sinner, went one day
To *Barber's Shop*, to take his beard away;
But scarcely was he seated in his place,
When, "Zounds!" said STRAP, "the Muscles of
" your face

" Are all so lank, irregular, and weak,
" So like, 'mong *Catholics*, a poor *Lay-mumper*,
" I must insert my thumb, by way of *plumper*,
" To mow the stubble from *your* HONOUR's cheek!"

If the *great* WORLD knew not, my pliant Muse
Should tell *that* World, how Barbers deal in news;
And honest STRAP, who like the rest
Was fond of POLITICS, and eke a jest,
About "the *Wigs* and *Tories*" 'gan to prate,
And poor BRITANNIA's state—
When, lo! his Razor slipp'd, and made a leak,
From whence the writhing KNIGHT's warm blood
ran out

In streams, like water gushing from a spout!

With

With terror, STRAP remain'd three moments dumb—
As PAUL roar'd out, "You dog! you've slash'd my
"cheek!"

"Ob, curse YOUR cheek!" said STRAP, "I've cut
"MY thumb!"

QUIZ.

EPIGRAM.

WOMEN, they tell us, have strange ways,
So **HARRIET** pin'd for stiffen'd Stays ;
Till hopeless grown, and in the dumps,
For want of Stays—she took to Jumps.

SNAP.

THE WORLD,
March 15, 1790.

TO
OLIVIA.

FAREWELL, OLIVIA!—I will learn to bear
The keen envenom'd arrow of despair;
Deep in my heart I buried thy lov'd name,
Nor e'en in sighs betray'd the conscious flame.
Tho' oft unseen, on HER I still adore;
Long have I gaz'd, and gazing lov'd the more:
For soon those eyes my youthful bosom charm'd,
Whose brightness dazzled, but whose mildness
warm'd:

So soft the language which they seem'd t' impart,
The gentle poison stole into my heart;
Where nurs'd by FANCY, fond delusive maid!
HOPE, on my bosom, all her roses shed.
Sweet, transient joys! for early were they doom'd
To wither on that breast, were late they bloom'd.
But when I found the fond illusion o'er,
That smiling Hope must charm my fears no more;
No more, *sweet Syren!* ev'ry sense employ,
Nor from some latent spark rekindle joy;
Deep in my youthful bosom sunk the dart,
Chilling the crimson tides that warm my heart.—

But lest these tears, to her I love reveal
The hopeless passion I must still conceal,
To some long vale I'll bend my silent way,
And as thro' pathless wilds, unknown I stray,
The bleak night-winds shall snatch my unbound hair,
And my pale cheek shall mark my deep despair;
In the damp air my sighs shall die away,
No babbling echo to prolong their stay!
—Banish'd by Thee, I'll brave the Winter's rage,
Still journeying on, my anguish to assuage,
On that high cliff, I now behold from far,
Whole nights I'll sit and watch the *Evening Star*;
Till the soft gales of gentle morn arise,
And on their downy pinions bear my sighs
Thro' the lone vale, and o'er the silent plain,
Swelling the measures of my pensive strain.—
Should the wild notes e'er meet a list'ning ear,
And PITY prompt the sympathizing tear,
Oh! let the soften'd heart, and swimming eye,
Pay the sad tribute of a passing sigh.

THE WORLD,
March 22, 1790.

MY
OPINION.

THE *Laurel*, they say, two effects doth produce—
In its *Bough* there is HONOUR; and death in its
Juice:

Since CIBBER has brought then, its *Honour* so low,
He should taste of its *Juice* for disgracing the *Bough*.

C.

THE WORLD,
March 24, 1790.

TO THE
DUCHESS
OF
DORSET,

On her spending some Time at KNOWLE.

WHILST o'er the maze of PLEASURE's fairy ground,
FASHION's light vot'ries run their giddy round;
Each varying form of fleeting joy pursue,
Which flies the touch, and mocks the cheated view;
To fairer objects turn'd her polish'd mind,
See ARABELLA leave the throng behind,
And in the shade of KNOWLE's Elysian Bow'rs,
To life's best purpose give the gliding hours.

In youth's gay spring, when Nature's bounteous
hand
Waves o'er each smiling scene her magic wand;
O'er ev'ry prospect spreads her fairest flow'rs,
And opes the heart to all her soothing pow'rs;
'Tis thine, sequester'd in that fam'd retreat,
At once the HERO's and the POET's seat;
Where o'er the classic ground fond fancy roves,
Or seeks the umbrage of the sacred groves,

To

To these lov'd scenes, a new delight to lend,
And bid the LAUREL and the MYRTLE blend:
'Tis here thy pow'r its fairest charm displays,
Superior to a Court's fictitious blaze.
Here thy OWN GEMS their native light impart,
The ARTLESS MANNERS—the UNTUTOR'D heart;
The unaffected grace, the winning mien,
And soul thro' all thy varying features seen!
These are the soft and ROSY CHAINS, that bind
And fix an empire o'er thy DORSET's mind;
And as THY BEAUTIES could his heart allure,
Thy VIRTUES are the bond to hold it sure!

POLLIO.

THE WORLD,
March 26, 1790.

HINTS

TO A

PAINTER.

By the late LORD LYTTLETON.

FROM a *Friend* did a PAINTER this lesson receive—

“ Dear WILL, in thy Canvass, let *fair* HARRIET
“ live:

“ Let her live, tho’ a maiden, unnotic’d by Fame,

“ Whose spirits have led her astray from—good

“ name :

“ Let her live, who strews roses abundantly sweet,

“ And the STOICS fell virtue treads under her feet—

“ Who strews them along the rough turnpike of life,

“ And sweetens with nectar that potion of strife—

“ *That black, bitter potion*, which all of us drink,

“ And the wise think most nauseous, because—the

“ wise THINK.

“ Nor thou, *sapient* WHITBY, disdain to improve

“ With the *Tunic* of VENUS, the daughter of JOVE;

“ For tho’ not bred up in *Dame* CHASTITY’S
“ school,

“ She has not yet learn’d to sin, only by rule—

Yet

“ Yet with softness and sweetness she twines round
“ the heart,
“ And alleviates its fierceness by healing its smart.

“ But grant that one *virtue* she does not possess,
“ You will not deny her the power to bless:
“ You will not deny, that, innoxiously bright,
“ Her eyes shed forth *beams of benevolent light*;
“ And freely allow that a soft lambent grace,
“ In a calm constant sunshine, plays over her face.

“ Then take up thy pencil, *thou MIMIC of Jove!*
“ Love bids thee obey, nor be rebel to Love,
“ And O, *fair ENCHANTRESS!* may thousand de-
“ lights
“ Make happy thy days and voluptuous thy nights.
“ And thou too, O VENUS! attend to my prayer,
“ Drive far from *your* HARRIET all thought that
“ brings *care!*
“ Let her days, like a streamlet o’er flowers that
“ goes,
“ Glide onward in sweets, and still please as it flows!
“ And when NATURE, exhausted, shall languish for
“ rest,
“ Then DEATH, *like a LOVER*, be *ta’en to her breast.*”

TO THE
MEMORY
OF
MR. HOWARD.

DEAR *to mankind*—to Britons doubly dear,
Whom Christians love, and Infidels revere—
HOWARD!—thy merits claim the plausible lay,
Thy fate demands it, and our feelings pay.

If ever Sage, by wisdom's boasted power,
Employed to noble ends the passing hour—
If ever hero brav'd disease and death,
Or spent in virtue's cause his latest breath—
If ever Saint, commission'd from above,
Display'd a pattern of celestial love,
Admiring men, and murmuring Dæmons see
The *Sage*, the *Hero*, and the *Saint* in THEE.

Thro' various nations, and thro' various climes,
A friend to misery, and a foe to crimes;
In the damp dungeon's pestilential gloom,
In tainted crouds, just hurrying to the tomb,

Care-

Careless of ease, of comfort, and of health,
Profuse of toil, and prodigal of wealth,
Thy steady mind pursu'd its pious plan,
To learn and mitigate the woes of man.

Too soon, alas! on bleak CIMMERIA's shore,
Thy task is ended; and thy care is o'er;
A burning fever's unremitting force
Completes thy labours, and arrests thy course;
With deadly wrath it rode the Euxine wave,
Seiz'd on its prey, and swept thee to the grave.
No skillful friend—no AIKIN then was near,
Thy life to lengthen, or thy soul to cheer;
With kind support to raise thy drooping head,
To soothe thee dying, or to mourn thee dead:
But tho' remov'd from each domestic tie,
In foreign lands thy honour'd relics lie;
Long hadst thou plac'd, where'er thy footsteps trod,
Thy hope in virtue, and thy trust in God—
That hope, that trust, when worldly comforts cease,
On earth's extremest verge can whisper peace.

While British Gratitude to thee shall raise
The splendid monument of public praise;
In sculptur'd stone shall bid thy image breathe,
And round thy temples twine the civic wreath;
Their

Their due reward thy merit shall obtain
From HIM thou long hast serv'd, nor serv'd in vain;
Immortal life His justice shall bestow,
And place the crown of glory upon thy brow.

THE WORLD,
March 29, 1790.

DATE OBOLUM BELISARIO.

O FORTUNE! how strangely thy gifts are awarded!
 How much, to thy shame, thy caprice is recorded,
 Since the Wife, Great, and Good, of thy frowns
 seldom 'scape any,
 Witness poor BELISARIUS, who begg'd for a
 Ha'penny.

Date obolum, date obolum, date obolum BELISARIO.

HE, whose fame for true valour was spread far and
 wide, Sir,
 And whom none but his COUNTRY, true praise e'er
 deny'd, Sir;
 By his poor faithful DOG, was thro' ROME's City
 led, Sir,
 With one foot in the grave, forc'd to beg for his
 bread, Sir,

Date obolum, &c.

As a *Young Roman* KNIGHT was by chance passing
 by, Sir,
 The *Old Soldier's* appearance, at once caught his eye,
 Sir,

And

And his purse in his helmet he drop't with a tear, Sir,
While the VETERAN's sad story attracted his ear, Sir,
Date obolum, &c.

"I have fought, I have bled, I have conquer'd for
"ROME, Sir;
"I have crown'd her with Laurels, which for ages
"will bloom, Sir,
"From her foes harsh dominion, I've raised her to
"power;
"I espoused her for life, and disgrace is my dower.
Date obolum, &c.

"I no soldiers e'er risk'd, by attacking at random,
"Or Victory insured with a *Nil desperandum*;
"But whenever I fought, I made both friend and foe
"know,
"That all my design was, *Pro Publico Bono*.
Date obolum, &c.

"I no Colonies lost, by attempts to enslave 'em,
"Or of ROMANS free rights, ever strove to bereave
'em;
"Or to bow down their necks, to my pride or my
"pleasure,
"Have an EMPIRE divided, or wasted its treasure.
Date obolum, &c.

"Nor

"Nor yet to enrich or ennoble myself, Sir,
 "Has my glory been tarnish'd by base views of pelf,
 "Sir;

"For such sordid designs I've so far been from car-
 "ving,

"Blind and old, I've no chance, but of *begging* or
 "starving. *Date obolum, &c.*

"Now, if HERO, or STATESMAN, should hear this
 "relation,

"Whose deeds have still been for the good of his na-
 "tion ;

"Who, tho' feeble and blind, shou'd like me grope
 "his way, Sir,

"The bright SUN-BEAMS of VIRTUE will turn night
 "to day, Sir. *Date obolum, &c.*

"But if wanting that light, at the close of life's
 "spark, Sir,

"He at length comes to take the great leap in the
 "dark, Sir,

"He may wish, while his friends wring their hands
 "round his bed, Sir,

"That like poor BELISARIUS, he'd begged for his bread,
 "Sir." *Date obolum BELISARIO.*

AN
IRREGULAR
ODE.

TO THE

Memory of JOHN HOWARD, Esq.

Terrarumque velis curam. VIRGIL. GEORGICA.

If e'er a Statesman swell'd the Poet's song,
If e'er one wreath to Valour's tomb belong,
Oh! far superior, with a nobler claim,
Reposing HOWARD fills the voice of Fame.
Fair widow'd Virtue saw thine op'ning grave,
And bade the tear to flow—the tear which could not
save!

Yet still to mark thine Image known,
She stamp'd thy relicks for her own;
With Syren raptures did thy pangs beguile,
And fix'd each feature in a *marble smile* :
That if the fullen dust below,
Of worth *retain a silent show*,
Thine ashes, HOWARD, with perpetual bloom,
Might even sink triumphant to the tomb.

Yet

Yet rest secure, it was not Death,
 That, ghastly grinning o'er thy *setting* hour,
 In *thee* proclaim'd the *limits* of his pow'r ;
 Thy Heav'n-nerv'd arm, thy *Saviour breath*,
 That oft hath snatch'd the victim from his shrine,
 To him, so often vanquish'd, never could resign.
 No—'twas some Angel *stealing* through thy frame,
 There *blended*, bore thee from the tyrant's claim ;
 Or wak'd thy soul to scenes of brightest day,
 And gently drew it from its *robe of clay*.

When *alter'd Joy* beheld thy spirit fly,
 And o'er the waves breath'd out a *fun'ral sigh*,
 Each bosom seem'd some *kindred* to deplore,
 And *nature dreamt, she wept herself no more*.
 Full on my ears the fullen accents moan,
 And list'ning Echo *multiplies* the tone :
 Ere yet they linger on the airy stream,
 And, ent'ring with the sickly beam,
 Break the dark dungeon's vap'ry round,
 Pale wasted Famine *drinks* the sound.
 Through every vein quick-gushing horrors spring,
 Keener than the frigid stone,
 Or than the *coldly grinding* ring
 That feeds upon his sapless bone.
 Around he rolls his haggard eye,
 And vents the *half-extinguish'd* sigh,

In all the varying forms of gratitude and fear,
 See! MISERY lends another tear—
 He marks it falling on his tatter'd sleeve,
And claims a right, with all the World, to grieve.

There, wretched captive, shalt thou rest,
 Long count the *leaden* step of *loitering* time,
 Long listen to thy throbbing breast;
 No waited breeze, no dashing oar,
 No bark, *with Mercy freighted*, more
 Shall waft for thee the "*Friend of ev'ry Clime!*"
 No more thy massy gates shall open wide,
 And grac'd with ev'ry virtue on each side—
 No more, in *plum'd effulgence*, shall he throw
A beam of Heav'n to light thy NIGHT of WOE!

Tho' patriot grief, with streaming eye,
 Entrusts thine honours to a foreign sky,
 Yet well she knew, where'er thou deign'st to roam,
 Each *stranger* bosom prov'd a *native Home*.
 And oh! full many a yet revolving year
 Shall mark a changeful band,

That mock the SCULPTOR's brightest hand;
 There gently bending o'er thy modest bier,
 Shall teach the creeping ivy where to turn,
 And bid it clasp a *far less sainted urn*.
 There, mingling oft, the succour'd fire shall bear
 The fairest trophy of thy soothing breast—

Shall

Shall there instruct his *cherub-care*
Thy worth in artless accents to proclaim;
Shall form their smiles to *wait upon thy name*,
And teach thy lisping tongues to bid their spirit rest!

From their pure breath such *incense* shall ascend,
Thy soul, well-pleas'd, from Heav'n itself shall
bend;

And when *old TIME*, with sacrilegious wing,
The sacred fabric of thy tomb shall bruise,
The bold swept Lyre, the *consecrating Muse*,
Shall raise thy honours with a *second Spring*:
Shall o'er the *spot* their unspent vigils keep,
And guide unerring Goodness where to weep.
So o'er the bed, where once the fountain *rang'd*,
Its springs exhausted, or their passage chang'd,
Some *ling'ring MORALIST*, with age oppress'd,
His white beard sweeping o'er his hoary breast,
Pausing, the *glorious ruin* would revere,
And dew the silent channels with a tear.

Oh! since in vain we pour the grateful vow,
In vain the note pathetic breathe;
And, unavailing, form a virgin wreath,
Entwin'd, illustrious shade! for thee *alone*!
A wreath that never cloath'd a *warrior's* brow,
Or grac'd the *pillars* that support a Throne;

While echoing far, th' Imperial shores above,
Swell with thy praise, *melodious in their love*,
While crowding ANGELS view thee with delight,
And force thy *blushing glories* into light;
Oh! mildly bending from thy starry throne,
Inform some spirit, modell'd from thine *own*;
Direct his passage to these realms of earth,
The *kindred* guardian of his holier birth;
Teach him, like thee, with noblest claim to show
The World's *first treasure*, as its *latest woe*;
Teach him the *varying path of woe* to prize—
That hence, for future times, may future HOW-
ARDS rise!

THE WORLD,
April 8, 1790.

TO
THE BEE.

PEACE, *friendly* BEE! I greet thee with a tear,
And lowly bend like yonder flow'rets head;
Go!—speed thee, with the balmy breeze, nor fear
On IMOINDA's lip the gift to shed.

TELL *her*, the idle god of *jealous* Love,
Relenting—bad thee lodge the emblem there,
Alike to speak the sorrows all must prove,
And heal the anguish of her amorous care.

SAY, that to him, some PITY sure is due,
Whose bosom heaves with many a fearful sigh;
Lest, 'midst *the* gay, the blush he lov'd to view,
Shou'd faithless *ficken* to a RIVAL's eye.

The VEIL of CHASTITY, at length thrown by—
“Farewell!” as fond CATULLUS sweetly sings—
“Farewell!”—the tribute of a passing sigh
Be thine—till Fate o'er all her mantle flings.

If chance she weeps—repeat her lively strain,
“The eye that’s true, sheds no repining tears;”
Yet LOVE can tell, how sad is secret pain,
And that it riots in ungentle fears.

Ask of her silent tear, that trembling flows,
If TENDERNESS and TRUTH, are joyous found ?
Then wing thee to the damask of the rose,
And steal the bloom, with crimson blushes crown’d.

O’er her pale cheek its living lustre spread,
And chase the triumph of the *Tube-rose* hue :
Bring to my heart the sorrow she has fed,
And guard the *dew drop* to Affection true.

So will I ever court the Southern gale,
To kiss each balmy blossom dear to thee;
So, scented Shrubs and Lime-trees shall exhale
Delicious fragrance for *my favourite* BEE.

HENRY.

TO

MIRANDA.

MIRANDA! hence, with idle fear,
Too diffident thou art;
You cannot fail to charm the ear,
When once you have the heart.

Then try a strain, MIRANDA, do,
You'll sing extremely well;
For 'tis impossible, but you
Must ev'ry way excel.

Oh! let your Bard, some future time,
Have proof of what he says,
And you'll become, in humble rhyme,
The subject of his praise.

FERDINAND.

THE WORLD.

THE
POINTER.

By E. H. Esq.

As honour'd by his SOVEREIGN's command,
In arms, some GENERAL sweeps a hostile land,
Conquests on conquests gratifies his vows,
And Favour's smiles, with laurels, deck his brows;
Till all his merits lost, forgot in age,
He falls—the victim of a *Rabble's* rage!

Thus, with each SPORTSMAN's praise, was CAR-
LO grac'd,
As o'er the field, circuitous, he pac'd;
Coveys on coveys, to their ruin rose,
And falling own'd the *triumphs of his nose*.
In vain his mettled youth such triumphs cheer'd,
And an asylum for his age prepar'd:
From him his silver'd hairs no dangers kept,
By clowns he died, unpity'd, and unwept;
Another's crime he expiates in his fall,
For one dog's madness works a plague on all.

ABSENCE.

AND is that all, that ABSENCE deigns to grant ?
 Come then, *Imagination!* lead along ;
 Nor let thy suppliant vainly sue, nor want
 That ease the heart receives in *plaintive* song.

No FOPLING writes, to shew his tinsell'd rhyme,
 (The servile AMOROSO of *to-day* ;)
 Whose thoughts are register'd to murder time ;
 Whose sighs are wafted but to grace his lay—

But *one* whom peaceful HYMEN gently rules,
 Who ne'er to counteract his laws inclin'd ;
 Who ask'd no riches (the request of Fools)
 But those concenter'd in MYRTILLA's mind.

Her HEART was all th' ambition that he fought,
Herself the bright reward he had in view :
 Her smiles were cheerings to his ev'ry thought
 That warded all the shafts MISFORTUNE threw.

But

But hush, my soul! see charming HOPE draws nigh,
The Loves and Graces smiling in her train—
Her cloudless brow disperses every sigh—
And gently whispers, "WE SHALL MEET AGAIN."

G. G.

THE WORLD.

THE
LAST WILL
OF

Mr. EDWARD WARD, DECEASED;

Author of the *LONDON SPY*.

I' TH' name of God, the King of Kings,
Whose glory fills the mighty space,
Creator of all worldly things,
And giver of both time and place.

To him I do resign my breath,
And that immortal soul he gave me,
Sincerely hoping after death,
The merits of his Son will save me.

Oh! bury not my peaceful Corpse
In Cripplegate, where discord dwells,
And wrangling parties jangle worse,
Than Alley Scolds, or Sunday's bells.

To

To good St. Pancras Holy Ground,
I dedicate my lifeless clay,
'Till the last Trumpet's joyful sound
Shall raise me to eternal Day.

No costly Funeral prepare,
'Twixt Sun and Sun I only crave,
A Hearse and one black Coach to bear
My Wife and Children to my Grave.

My goods and chattels, I desire,
May pay the honest debts I owe,
The rest (if any) I require,
May to my Wife and Children go.

My blessing unto each I give,
Let that suffice instead of wealth,
May grace attend them whilst they live,
And virtue long preserve their health.

My Wife I do appoint the sole
Executrix of this my Will,
And set my hand unto the scroll,
In hopes the same she will fulfil,

EDWARD WARD.

Made under a dangerous
Illness, and signed this
24th of June, 1731.

A CODICIL

TO THE

WILL of NATHANIEL LOYD, Esq. DECEASED.

WHAT I am going to bequeath,
 When this frail part submits to death,
 But still I hope the spark divine,
 With its congenial stars shall shine,
 My good executors fulfil,
 And pray ye fairly, my last will,
 With first and second Codicil.
 And first I give to dear Lord Hinton,
 At Twiford school, now, not at Winton,
 One hundred guineas for a ring,
 Or some such memorandum thing;
 And truly much I should have blunder'd,
 Had I not given another hundred
 To Vere, Earl Poulett's second son,
 Who dearly loves a little fun.
 Unto my Nephew Robert Longden,
 Of whom none says he e'er has wrong done,
 Tho' Civil Law he loves to trash,
 I give two hundred pounds in cash.

}

One

One hundred pounds to my Niece Tudor,
With loving eyes one Matthew view'd her,
And to her children just among 'em,
A hundred more, and not to wrong 'em,
In equal shares I freely give it,
Not doubting but they will receive it.
To Sally Crouch, and Mary Lee,
If they with Lady Poulett be,
Because they round the year did dwell,
In Twickenham house, and serv'd full well,
When Lord and Lady both did stray,
Over the hills and far away,
The first ten pounds, the other twenty,
And girls I hope that will content ye.
In seventeen hundred sixty-nine,
This with my hand I write and sign,
The sixteenth day of fair October,
In merry mood, but sound and sober,
Past my threescore and fifteenth year,
With spirits gay and conscience clear,
Joyous and frolicksome tho' old,
And like this day serene but cold,
To foes well wishing and to friends most kind,
In perfect charity with all mankind.

(L. S.)

NATHANIEL LOYD.

For

For what remains I must desire
To use the words of Matthew Prior.

Supreme, all wise, eternal potentate,
Sole author, sole disposer of my fate,
Enthron'd in light and immortality,
Whom no man fully sees or can see.
Original of beings, power divine,
Since that I think and that I live is thine,
Benign Creator, let thy plastic hand
Dispose its own effect. Let thy command
Restore, great Father, thy instructed son,
And in my act may thy great will be done.

THE WORLD.

EPILOGUE—PROLOGUE,
 IN THE
 CHARACTER of MACHEATH.

E'ER yet the trade of justice close my scene,
 Might I, a hang-dog face just pop between,
 And *breaking thro'* the forms which customs teach,
 Spite of all Grub-Street, make my own *dead* speech?
 Or would you rather trust some tune that tells,
 " *Here's—the last dying words of Mary Wells,*"—
 Who sang herself most miserably to death,
 Condemn'd by you for murdering—*Macbeath*?

Hard in these times, so little vice in vogue,
 That *women* should be *forc'd* to—play the rogue;
 But all things change: *John Bull* of yore so bluff,
 Now glides in shoe-strings and a goat's-beard muff.
 While stouter Mifs at Master Jacky's side,
 With oil-skin hat, clubb'd hair, and giant stride,
 Wrapt round with horseman's coat and buckskin
 belt,
 Scorning the fears which former Misses felt,
 Booted half-way and leaning on her pole—
 She waddles onward—like a *Day Patrole*.

Say

Say then, can guards or *Palmer's* plan avail,
When female robbers will thus take the mail?
Or shall my pardon be denied by you,
Acting a part—which greater ladies do?

But blest the age where sexes meet each other,
And scarce you know the sister from the brother,
Where all the manly manners melt away,
Lost in the sweet Miss—Master of the day.
Thus that grave house—whose firm debates once
hurl'd,
Or peace or conquest o'er a subject world;
In gentler strains of eloquence we see,
—The weight of cotton—or the price of tea—
And Europe's balance hangs well pois'd in air
By Irish callico or Wedgewood's ware.

To these strange customs even science chimes,
And takes, like taste, its fashions from the times,
Stript of the classic forms of gown and wig,
Learning like lead now runs into a—Pig.

Such the world's change:—one word e'er *I* de-
part—
To pay the tribute of a grateful heart,
To mark those feelings—which, while you approve,
No taste, no time, no fashion can remove.

Thus far, for past offence the rhymester pleads;—
As Prologue now our Epilogue proceeds,
Paints what strong fears possess our anxious mind,
—As undertakers—for the farce behind.
A two hours sketch to-night we bring to school,
Where I—no wonder that—still play the fool;
The fool?—your wiser heads with praise may crown
it,
But silly I—to play the fool—and own it!

THE WORLD.

AN

ADDRESS

To be SPOKEN.

By MRS. WELLS.

SHALL I, impractic'd in the melting mood,
 Who late your *comic* candidate have stood,
 To that old laughing interest long allied,
 Now mount the huffings on the other side?
 Canvas this critic corporation thorough,
 In hopes to represent a tragic borough?
 Shall I, all tears, for votes and interest teize you,
 Anxious not how to live, but die, to please you—
 Beg that you'll be of my last moments heedful
 And when I'm dead, request your post—if needful?

Say, will no kind, good-natur'd freeman trace
 Thro' bowls and daggers simple *Cowslip's* face?
 No learned LINGO of the lower school (Ph.)
Decline my parts and think me out of rule?
 Then when the storms of passion swell most high,
 When I shall rave and weep, run mad and die,
 Will not some voter on yon upper floor, (Gallery.)
 Just as I'm falling wish I'd stand no more,

And in blunt, strong election language tell us,
Bridget for ever! Damn your Isabellas?

Tho' bold th'attempt by dying thus to live,
Still your indulgence might the act forgive;
Still might the paradox be understood
—'Tis for her benefit, if not her good.—
But Oh! what stronger fears my mind assail,
When just comparison must sink the scale;
For memory traces in this awful part
The best and noblest effort of the art;
Here the first excellence of genius rose,
For *Siddons* pictures *Isabella's* woes.
In every gesture, movement, look divine,
Nature has stamp'd her worth in every line.

Hard then my task to follow powers like thee,
And separate confidence from wish to please.
On your indulgence must my merits rest,
And soothe the terrors of a troubled breast.

EPILOGUE,
IN THE
CHARACTER of COWSLIP.

HAVING ended our Play and the toils of to-night,
From Papa who *must* read—to his son who *will* write,
While catgut and song lend *their* aid to the work
I—but hold up the train—of this Turk and no Turk:
For tho' with *our ladies* his whiskers have sway,
This strange sitting cross-leg is out of my way:
—But—as lately, no doubt, you *have* heard of the
pothor
'Twixt the men of one house and the maids of another:
In this gracious assembly might I rise before ye—
And Cowslip—an't please you—shall tell you a story.
Cramm'd in with fat hampers of perry and ale,
With cheese, children, eggs, dogs and ducks—head
and tail,
With all that for eating our town could produce,
Nice turkies—and here—O no—there was the goose—
To get to the dinner we shorten the grace,
So suppose me at Bath as—a “Servant for place.”

Where word to our inn was next morning convey'd,
That his worship *the Mayor*—was in want of a maid.
The Mayor?—Lack a day!—What a grand situation!
At the foot—of the head—of the *whole* corporation!
Away went I trudge—little band-box and all—
For my hopes they were great as my fortune was
small.

The Mayor strok'd his chin—as poor I came in view,
“Why yes”—quoth his worship—“this maid she
“may do.”

“Are you mad?” cried the Mayorefs—“I begs
“you'll ha' done—

“There's a *tax upon maids*:—you've no business
“with none.”

“At ease on this duty may Bachelors sleep,

“And afford double pay for the maids that *they*
“keep:

“But we married volk—we must not be so great—

“They may put something *next* on your head—or
“my tête.

“No stockings for me, love, nor Billingsgate mob,

“And no powder *unlicens'd* for deary's brown bob—

“Our gig and our maids then must *both* be laid down,

“Nor, chuck, while I lives, shall one cost you a
“crown.”

Thus

Thus our Mayor being, of course, of his *minister's*
mind

—Poor I was turn'd out—that is—I resign'd,
For power *must* keep its due balance, they say,
To some it *gives* places—it took mine away.
From the west then to London I next sallied forth,
To be rais'd in the east—like some folks from the
north.

At this *character warehouse* I first made my stop,
To retail you *small wit*—with no tax on *our* shop.

Say then for *our* Lingo—young Lingo, I mean—
Shall Cowslip without *her* good wishes be seen?
To this—“Pan of the Dairy” not pray for good
luck,
And wish him “no roast”—but her wish of—“Roast
“duck.”
Hope each belle with her beau has heard *something* to
suit her,
And that here we may find no such gender as *neuter*.

THE WORLD.

AN
ALLEGORICAL TALE.

THE
CACKLING HEN, DUNGHILL COCK, *and* HAWK.

YOUR Students and great Scholars know,
That many thousand years ago,
The Birds which in the forest sung,
Possess'd the powers of human tongue.
There liv'd at the aforesaid time,
A Cackling Hen of flight *sublime*,
Within whose walk was often picking
An ill-shap'd, half-starv'd, *Dunghill Chicken*;
This Dunghill Chicken got a feat
Among the Fowls which rul'd the State,
Where, hearing that a certain Hawk
Had done some mischief in his walk,
Either by aiding of his foes,
Or something else that no one knows;
He did resolve (his schemes to further)
To charge the Hawk with horrid Murther:
The Hawk, as I have heard the story,
Flew to the Moon in quest of glory;

The

The feather'd Prince who rules the Moon,
In war employ'd this young Dragoon;
Where he successful honours fought,
And many a Battle bravely fought.

It happen'd, that some years ago,
The Prince proscrib'd a plundering Crow;
But what induc'd him to proscribe
This Leader of a fable tribe,
Was this; the Crow both night and day,
Was looking out in quest of prey,
And carry'd all he found away.

At length, the Hawk by sudden spring,
Fix'd on the Crow and broke his wing:
The Crow before the Prince was brought,
And justly sentenc'd for his fault.

The news soon reach'd the black Banditti,
Who mov'd with anger and with pity,
Arose in arms, resolv'd to save
Their pilfering leader from the grave.

The Hawk, who scarce a morning since,
Receiv'd an order from his Prince,
To execute the rebel Crow,
Forefaw, and struck the timely blow.

The Dunghill Chicken, who had heard
The story by the Hawk averr'd,

Thought

Thought by this means to over-reach him,
And mov'd the Assembly to impeach him.
He said, the lunar feather'd King
Had done a most unlawful thing,
In sentencing the Crow to die,
And then he told the Assembly why :
" It is—It is—It is, because
" 'Twas not by Sublunary Laws :
" My sentiments I can't express,
" You'll understand me ne'er the less.
" This is my own, my fix'd opinion,
" The Lunar Prince had no dominion.
" How do we know the Crow was try'd
" By those who justly might decide ?
" And that they follow'd all the rules
" Prescrib'd by Sublunary Schools ?
" Our want of proof and knowledge show
" That this said Hawk, who kill'd the Crow,
" Had murder done, and should exhibit
" His body on a lofty Gibbet."
He cackled much, but every Bird
Declar'd his cackling was absurd ;
At last, as well might be expected,
The Chicken's story was rejected.

The Hawk, who heard himself accus'd,
And did not like to be abus'd,

Next

Next morning went to give the Chicken
A Lecture upon quarrel-picking.

The Chicken, who foresaw the Lecture,
Call'd to his aid his great Protector,
A cackling Hen, a lingual Hector.

The Hawk impatient did denounce
His aim, before he made the Pounce ;

So that the Chicken would not walk
One step alone, nor even talk

One word in private with the Hawk.

The cackling Hen then spread her wing,
And said, " 'twas an atrocious thing,

" When Birds of State are speeches making,

" To hinder them from freedom taking ;

" Hundreds and hundreds I've accus'd,

" And tho' some thousands I've accus'd,

" I never was so roughly us'd.

" Sooner than I'll permit the Hawk

" To stop the Chicken in his talk,

" Or let them have a spar together,

" Indeed I'd part with every feather ;

" Sooner than suffer such a thing

" To happen, I would burn my wing.

" A Dunghill Chicken's little tattle,

" Should not provoke a Hawk to battle,

" Nor does it to myself appear,

" The Hawk had any right to hear :

" For

“ For whether it was good or ill,
“ ’Twas said upon our own Dunghill ;
“ And ev’ry Dunghill Cock you know,
“ Of right may on his Dunghill crow.”

Thus the Old Hen contriv’d to baulk
The vengeance of the pouncing Hawk ;
Who, without either Judge or Jury,
Had slain the Chicken in his fury,
And verify’d the Chicken’s saying,
That he (the Hawk) was fond of slaying.
But now the disappointed Hawk,
(Who though a fighter could not talk)
Finding he could not make a dart,
Nor get the Hen and Chick a-part,
Submitted to this hard condition—
That Dunghill Fowls should, by permission,
On their own Dunghills broach a lye,
Provided Hawks may make reply.

EPILOGUE
TO THE
TWO CONNOISSEURS.

BY
E. TOPHAM, Esq.

Spoken by Miss FARREN.

As manners alter with the varying times,
To-night you've seen a Comedy in rhymes,
Where wit—where moral all in metre flows;
—Say, would you chuse an Epilogue in Prose?
“Do, if you dare!” you'll tell me:—ah! we know it,
There's nought so damning as a prosing poet.
Besides, if anxious for your country's good,
The scrutiny hath fir'd your free-born blood,
If the cool Vestry late hath been your care,
Perhaps you've had enough of prosing there:
Where the cramm'd Poll, before so plump and gay,
Lessens by Law—at half a vote a day—
And on fair argument and just pretence,
A member may be found—some ten years hence.

Prose

Prose then we drop ; for in this stage-struck hour,
 Much is the aid we want, and great the power—
 For sure our little army soon must yield,
 When Drury's mighty monarch takes the field,
 When Ruffel's rival excellence gives birth
 To patent Tragedies and mournful mirth ;
 Where one eternal handkerchief scarce dries
 Th'exhaustless tears that flow from Bedford's eyes,
 Where crape and fables deaden all the scene—
 Till Hubert pops his pleasant head between,
 Till James, York, Ruffel, Peters, all engage,
 And boxing Jefferies clears the crowded stage.
 O had such mighty sorrows fill'd my mind !
 Me, whom stage-articles and salary bind,
 The weighty task had surely broke my heart—
 “ *For I'm no Volunteer, and can't depart!* ”

If such of Tragedy the pleasing pain,
 Say—who will shut the doors of Drury-Lane ?
 To act—or not ! to lett the House—that's all—
 To get a little cash—or none at all ?
 Friend to the trade and lest the market drop,
 As one shuts up another opens shop.

For now releas'd from length of patriot toil,
 One house of greater actors sleeps awhile,

Where

Where wit and argument for ever jar,
And "Ayes" and "No's" keep up continual war.
Here India triumphs—there unsmuggled tea,
And patronage is balanced by bohea.
While commutation, window-tax between,
Pays after ten pounds for—ten-pence fav'd on green.

Nor these alone complete the general din,
Without we grumble as we scold within.
The quicken'd post-office laments its cure,
And clerks still with their posts were safe and sure.

Such are the novelties whose force engage,
With grief or joy this tragi-comic age;
May we—the living manners still pursue,
And find your approbation—ever new.

EPILOGUE

TO

MR. ANDREW'S COMEDY

OF

REPARATION.

FIVE dismal Acts consum'd in lamentation,
 Our Author marries me for reparation :
 Well—tho' we women are, as grey beards say—
 In duty bound to love and to obey,
 And tho' beset with cares of brats and strife,
Repent is still the lot of married life :
 With less dismay I meet the awful sentence,
 Since wedlock puts an end to *my* repentance.

From this bright hour shall gayer scenes arise,
 Such as may charm a female patriot's eyes,
 Whose great ambition soars to nobler plans
 Than lap-dog tippets, or than Marlbrove fans,
 Whose taste the rage for opera can defy,
 And bear to live, tho' *Pacchierotti* die,
 With strange ill-bred indifference can view
 Vestris on one leg, or the *dogs* on two.

But

But as we women are forbid to roam,
 And tho' we will speak last, must speak at home—
 To spouse I delegate my vocal powers,
 He knows my voice and—hears it at all hours—
 Thus—hat in hand and pois'd upon one leg,
 He'll start—with “ Mr. Speaker, Sir, I beg
 “ *A word*”—*oh! hear him, hear him!*—“ *I defy*
 “ *The honourable member in my eye.*”
 Then o'er the Indian plains his forces rally,
 Rave about *Tippoo Saib* and *Heyder Ally*,
 While *I*, the member's wife shall bear a shawl,
 Given by some ponderous prince of Leadenhall :
 Or up all night with fresh impatience wait,
 To read next noon the chronicled debate,
 Where in good style and better words convey'd,
 Spouse wonders at the speeches he has made,
 And with the borrow'd grace enamour'd grown,
 Stares o'er the tropes and figures—not his own.
 Such is the potent spell that all bewitches—
 “ For who wou'd fardels bear—that cou'd make
 “ speeches?
 “ Who brook th'oppressor's wrongs, the proud man's
 “ lye,
 “ Who quick might rise again with—I reply ?
 “ Or who wou'd groan beneath life's weary prate,
 “ Who quietly might sleep thro' a debate ?

" But that—there's charms from oratory flow,"
Which those who only *bear* can never know.
—But left I prefs too far the Speaker's art,
Pass me your vote of thanks! and *I depart*.

THE WORLD.

SIMKIN IN LONDON,

TO HIS

BROTHER SIMON in WALES.

INDEED, *my Dear BROTHER*, you'll feel yourself
wrong,

In declaring that SIM has been silent so long ;
When you find that for want of some pleasanter stuff,
I am forc'd to put up with *Tobacco* and *Snuff*.
That HERO who gain'd reputation and fame,
By pleading the cause of a *Dorwager Dame*,
Joe *Surface*, I mean, who was mightily proud
To be rank'd as the Knight of the BEGUMS of OUDE,
Is the champion of *Smoakers* and *Snuffy-nos'd Beauties*,
And pleads to relieve the fair Trader from duties. .
Three Hours and a Half, by his voluble tongue,
On *Snuff* and *Tobacco* the changes were rung ;
But first let me say, he commenced his Oration
By stoutly defending *his own reputation*.

“ Mr. SPEAKER, (said JOE) ever since I arose,
“ In defence of *Mun's Rights*, this vile Tax to op-
“ pose,

-
- " My fame *once so spotless*, with STAPLE *abuse*,
" All the MINISTER'S *Prints* have combin'd to tra-
" duce ;
" They have said, since in favour I grew with His
" HIGHNESS,
" The DUKE has look'd on with suspicion and shy-
" nefs ;
" That I, Traitor-like, have been false to the *League*,
" And have sever'd two HOUSES by artful intrigue.
" It would be, Mr. Speaker, my glory and pride,
" If the COMMONS, the LORDS, and the PEOPLE
" beside,
" Like his GRACE, would approve of my saying
" and doing,
" And permit me to save the whole Nation from
" ruin.
" Should ANY my CHARACTER dare to attack,
" And to hint that both Private and Public are
" black ;
" That in ANY ONE PART, my Escutcheon is blot-
" ted,
" Or the skin of my legs even speckled or spotted ;
" I say, and I trust, it will ne'er be forgot,
" I defy *human Malice* to find out a spot ;
" And unless any Gentleman *rise in his place*,
" And will point out some action, DISHONEST or
" BASE,

" Although

" Although from reproach I may not be exempt,
 " All abuse *out of doors* I shall treat with contempt :
 " To anonymous scandal I ne'er shall reply,
 " And for *warfare* so trifling, MY MIND *is too high* ;
 " For I live in a land where a Man cuts a figure,
 " In proportion to intellect, spirit, and vigour."

Whilst this was deliver'd by JOSEPH, in thunder,
 I observ'd all the Hearers were gaping with wonder ;
 All smitten, perhaps, by *the force of conviction*,
 For they could not suppose JOE was *dealing in fiction*,
 And indeed, my *Dear Simon*, with grief and surprize,
 I reflect on the many malevolent lies,
 Which of late thro' the wicked Metropolis ran,
 Concerning this *worthy, respectable Man*.

But in case you've not heard them, the stories I
mean,

Are his urging the P—— to dispute with the Q—— ;
 That when he had raised himself up to the top
 Of the ladder, he speedily kick'd down the prop ;
 That being too haughty, too great to be led,
 Of the *Party*, his vanity made him the head ;
 Whilst the DUKE growing jealous, declar'd him unfit
 To impose Loans and Taxes, in lieu of YOUNG
 PITT :

That the *entrè* to Drury, to make up a sum,
 Honest JOSEPH had sold, for ten seasons to come ;

And thus he escap'd, at a critical pinch,
For you know 'tis unsafe—to DRIVE *just to an inch* :
That a worthy old man, had his fortune invested,
Where JOEY'S *best hopes*, for the *present*, are rested,
But had lately been forc'd to abandon the realm,
Tho' JOSEPH stood firm, with his eye *on the HELM*,
From Duns well secur'd, by a feat in a place,
Where non-payment of debts was ne'er reckon'd
disgrace.

These, and other *detestable*, *infamous* tales,
Through England are spread, and, *perhaps*, have
reach'd Wales.

And 'twas said, that without some *especial protection*,
Sir ELIJAH would *oust* him at Stafford Election ;
But after so *bold*, and so manly a *Speech*,
Who, in *future*, will *venture his fame* to impeach.
After much contemplation, I'm free to admit,
As a *Minister*, I prefer JOSEPH to PITT ;
Harsh *Laws* ev'ry Session, by PITT are *enacted*,
To pay off *the Debts* which by NORTH were con-
tracted ;

But were JOSEPH a Minister, *he* could contrive
To make Debtor and Creditor *equally thrive* ;
That is, he would raise money some other way,
Than by *taxing* the Public, the Public *to pay* ;
For tho' they are *Debtor* and *Creditor* both,
To *receive* they are *prompt*, but to pay they are *losh*.

Now

Now JOE, so his *friends* and his *enemies* say,
 Has been us'd to *receive*, not accusom'd to *pay*;
 For his genius inventive, has found out resources,
 To supply, without cash, his extravagant courses ;
 And were JOSEPH the MINISTER, doubtless, he
 would

His *secret* disclose for the *National good* :
 Or *some* mode would strike out, for the Public to get
 The Interest, *at least*, on its great load of debt.

But, SIMON, in spite of his eloquent pleading,
 I see little chance of our JOSEPH's succeeding ;
 For PITT, and *his friends*, seem'd to think he was
 joking,
 Tho' he talk'd for three hours, on snuff-taking and
 fmoaking ;
 Yet I cannot but own, 'tis exceedingly hard,
 That virtue, like JOSEPH's, should fail of reward ;
 But the *Chapter of Accidents* still may befriend him,
 And when next he bursts forth, *better luck may attend*
 him.

Farewell, my *Dear Brother*, this Letter I end,
 But when Fox shall *sum up*, I another will send.

THE WORLD.
 April 22, 1790.

TO
MARY.

MARY! dear Maid! for whom I sigh,
For whom my breast will ever burn,
Look on thy lover with an eye
To bid him hope a soft return.

That tender look, that flowing hair,
That cheek which shames the vernal rose,
First caught me in Love's silken snare,
And robb'd my heart of its repose.

When calm Indifference was mine,
The swift hours fled serenely by;
But now, alas! thy form divine
Has banish'd all tranquillity.

Oh come then, MARY! gentlest Maid!
On me one angel smile bestow;
The precious gift shall be repaid
With all that Love and Truth can show.

My lips shall hourly speak thy praise,
 My thoughts shall e'er be turn'd to thee ;
 Thy face shall still inspire my lays,
 THY SOUL SHALL BE ADOR'D BY ME.

ORLANDO.

THE WORLD,
July 1, 1790.

ORMOND.

THE

GRATEFUL RETURN.

THE watchful look, the tender anxious care,
 The ardent wish, the secret fervent pray'r ;
 The previous thought, the fond foreboding fear,
 The hope that flatters, and the midnight tear :
 These, the kind debts parental fondness pays,
 From early infancy to latest days ;
 Reflect, *lamenting* CHILD ! how often thou
 Hast caus'd a wrinkle on a Mother's brow ;
 And oh ! how often, 'ere thou yet could'st speak,
 For thee was furrow'd the maternal cheek ;
 How many a sigh, how many an anxious groan,
 Was paid for thee : then, oh, reflect ! and own,
 The small return that is a Parent's due,
 Are tears of gratitude, at least, from you :
 The dear remembrance of so just a claim,
 Let me thus offer to that honour'd name ;
 Fall, fall my tears, nor let me strive to hide
 The grief that flatters thus my filial pride ;

Oh !

Oh! could my strains but say how much I owe,
And reach the raptures with which thine now glow,
Then should my song fulfil my heart's desire,
And burn, as thine does, with a SERAPH's fire.

THE WORLD,
July 7, 1790.

SIMKIN IN LONDON,

TO HIS

BROTHER SIMON *in WALES.*

LAST Thursday, DEAR BROTHER, by half after
one,

WARREN HASTINGS's Trial once more was begun;
PLUMBOSO set off, with expressing his wonder,
At discovering some *typographical blunder*;
Which having corrected, as well as he cou'd,
He requested their LORDSHIPS would then be so
good

As to hear him go on with his stating and showing,
Some things, which he fancy'd, were fit for their
knowing:

He said—" I believe I can make it appear,

" That the COMPANY's TENANTS were much in
" arrear,

" And that HASTINGS had let them their Leases
" too dear.

" *Forty Thousand Pounds sterling*, or near that amount,

" WARREN HASTINGS receiv'd on the public ac-
" count;

" And

" And I'm going to prove, the receipt of the sum
 " Dry'd up the resources for ages to come:
 " The Papers and Documents, now in my hands,
 " Will prove KELLORAM's having rented some
 " lands;
 " Which lands, upon terms so injurious, were let,
 " As to bring the poor Renter extremely in debt:
 " This was HASTINGS's doing, and, in the event,
 " The COMPANY suffer'd, *by losing some Rent.*"

Here LAW, (who is skill'd in defence and attack,
 And who loves to see ANSTRUTHER *sprawl on his*
 back,

Who always a pleasure malevolent feels,
 Whenever he trips up a MANAGER's *heels*)
 Objected to ANSTRUTHER's document reading,
 And thereby put a stop to his rapid proceeding.
 He observ'd to their LORDSHIPS, he could not see
 why

They should read any Papers that did not apply—
 He said, he was sure there was no allegation,
 To which the said Papers bore any relation;
 That the MANAGERS ought not *to wander at large,*
 To seek criminality, not in the Charge.

Then

Then PLUMMY requested their LORDSHIPS would
 note,
 'Twas a *consequent circumstance*, near or remote.
 As the HERO appear'd to be heavily prest,
 And, for want of an argument, deeply distrest,
 Great EDMUND and CHARLES, when they saw him
 dismay'd,
 Like JUNO and PALLAS, came down to his aid.
 A battle ensu'd, not with *Pistols* and *Swords*;
 Some DUELS were fought, and the weapons were
Words;
 Three hours they engag'd, without stopping or stay-
 ing,
 Each other they cut, without killing or slaying.

According to CHARLES, *Misdemeanor's* a crime,
 In proportion to *consequence*, *manner*, and *time* :
 According to THURLOW, they should not enlarge
 The descriptions of Crimes, but go on with the
 Charge;

And the granting of Leafes, for less than they ought,
 He consider'd, as making a separate fault,
 Which into some ARTICLE, should have been
 brought. }

But CHARLEY contended, that all aggravations,
 Like PELION on Ossa, should load *Allegations*;

And

And that, to establish the truth of one fact,
You should evidence bring of a *consequent Act*.
Then the CHANCELLOR said—" 'twas unusual to
 " plead,
" Or to *answer a Charge* that has *never been made*."

Here EDMUND declar'd—" 'twas improper to
 " draw
" *Regulations* for MANAGERS, out of the Law;
" That men who were blest with a liberal mind,
" Could not brook the idea of being *confined*;
" And as HASTINGS's crimes were not murder or
 " treason,
" He could not discover a shadow of reason,
" Why their LORDSHIPS, in mere *Misdemeanor*,
 " should bind 'em
" From seeking new Charges, where'er they could
 " find 'em;
" And, indeed, I shall think it uncommonly strange,
" If a MANAGER is not permitted to range:
" Restrictions, My LORDS, would our energy damp,
" And our tongues would be hurt, by a fit of the
 " *Cramp*:
" But, MY LORDS, I've a reason that forces conviction,
 " tion,
" Why a MANAGER should not lie under *restriction*.
 " I've

-
- " I've heard it reported, not many days since,
 " That HASTINGS intends to forego his defence;
 " For, it seems, an idea has enter'd the head
 " Of himself, and some others, that ALL we have
 " said
 " Amounts to just nothing, but wasting of time,
 " And disbursement of cash, without reason or
 " rhyme:
 " But, MY LORDS, I am rather inclin'd to suppose
 " That the *Pris'ner* 's afraid of the MANAGERS'
 " blows;
 " But the danger of being repeatedly struck,
 " Has taught him to dive like a *dog-bunted duck*:
 " For this reason, MY LORDS, are the MANA-
 " GERS striving
 " To bring in new matter, by way of depriving
 " The *Rogue* of th'advantage of *ducking* and *diving*.

 " MY LORDS, let him *duck* if he pleases; why
 " then
 " *Five and twenty intrepid, invincible men*,
 " When he pops up his head, we'll have at him
 " agen:
 " But, MY LORDS, I beseech you, for fear we should
 " not
 " Opportunity find of repeating the *shot*,
 " To

“ To let us go on with our *firing* and *popping*,
 “ As fast as we can, till we see the *BIRD dropping*.”

In this manner, did EDMUND his arguments press
 On the COURT, with much *humour* and little success.
 'Twas half after four when their LORDSHIPS
 withdrew, }
 To consult about what was most proper to do, }
 Which as soon as I know, I shall forward to you. }

There was one thing, however, as I understood,
 Which shews PLUMMY's heart is surprizingly good ;
 Tho' he made it appear, that the COMPANY gain'd }
Half a Million almost, yet he loudly complain'd, }
 With tears in his eyes, of the *loss* they sustain'd. }

Farewell! and rejoice, for the season is coming,
 When all will go mad to hear CHARLES FOX's sum-
 ming,
 For he is the Hero by EDMUND appointed,
 For *putting together* what PLUMMY *disjointed*.

THE WORLD,
April 27, 1790.

LAURA.

To LEONARDO.

COLD blows the wind upon the mountain's brow,
 In murmuring cadence wave the silv'ry woods,
 The feather'd tribe moe on the leafless bough,
 And icy fetters hold the silent floods;
 But endless spring, the POET's breast shall prove,
 Whose GENIUS kindles at the torch of LOVE.

For him, unfading blooms the fertile mind,
 The current of the heart for ever flows
 Fearless, his bosom braves the wintry wind,
 While thro' each nerve eternal summer glows;
 In vain would chilling APATHY controul
 The lambent fires that warm the lib'ral soul.

To me, the limpid brook, the painted mead,
 The crimson dawn, the twilight's purple close;
 The mirthful dance, the SHEPHERD's tuneful reed,
 The musky fragrance of the opening ROSE;
 To me, alas! all pleasures senseless prove,
 Save, the sweet converse, of the FRIEND I LOVE.

LAURA.

LAURA.

L I F E.

LOVE, thou sportive, fickle boy,
 Source of anguish, child of joy;
 Ever wounding, ever smiling,
 Soothing still, and still beguiling;
 What are all thy boasted treasures?
 Tender sorrows, transient pleasures;
 Anxious hopes, and jealous fears,
 LAUGHING HOURS, and MOURNING YEARS.—

What is FRIENDSHIP's soothing name?
 But a shadowy, vap'rish flame;
 Fancy's balm, for ev'ry wound,
 Ever sought, but rarely found.
 What is BEAUTY? but a flow'r,
 Blooming, fading, in an hour;
 Deck'd with brightest tints at morn,
 At twilight, with'ring on a thorn;
 Like the gentle ROSE of spring,
 Chill'd by ev'ry Zephyr's wing;
 Ah! how soon its colour flies,
 Blushes, trembles, falls, and DIES.

L 2

What

What is **YOUTH** ? in smiling sorrow,
Blithe to day, and sad to-morrow ;
Never fix'd, for ever ranging,
Laughing, weeping, doating, changing ;
Wild, capricious, giddy, vain,
Cloy'd with pleasure, nurs'd with pain ;
Ev'ry moment, **LIFE**'s decaying,
BLISS expires, while **TIME**'s delaying ;
AGE steals on with wintry face,
Ev'ry rapt'rous **HOPE** to chase ;
Like a wither'd sapless tree,
Bow'd, to chilling **FATE**'s decree ;
Stripp'd of all its foliage gay,
Drooping, at the close of day.
What of tedious **LIFE** remains ?
Keen regrets, and cureless pains ;
Till **DEATH** appears a welcome **FRIEND**,
And bids the scene of sorrow end.

LAURA.

THE WORLD.

SIMKIN IN LONDON,

TO HIS

BROTHER SIMON *in WALES.*

I SAID in my last that their LORDSHIPS withdrew,
To consider of what was expedient to do;
When the COURT re-assembled, the CHANCELLOR
said,

“ That ANSTRUTHER’s papers ought not to be read;
“ That the MANAGERS ought to make no variations,
“ Nor the Articles burthen with new accusations.”

Then CHARLEY set off with *Calamity’s cry*,
That *he did not know* WHAT, that *he could not tell* WHY:
That he sadly lamented their keeping the ground
Of their Judgment from him such a secret profound:
He resolv’d *to submit to it, nevertheless*,
As no method occur’d of *obtaining redress*.

PLUMBOSO now felt himself hurt and defeated,
As the LORDS had rejected whatever he stated;
He therefore determin’d to do by the *tongue*,
What he could not by *paper*—so call’d upon YOUNG.

Though 'twas ask'd in a whisper, Can PLUMMY
forget,

That he has not got forward *a single step* yet?

As PLUMMY this step was attempting to go,

He said to the Witness, " I want next to know,

" From what you know of, and concerning the mind

" Of the *Natives* at large, if they stood *well inclin'd*?

" That is, if the FARMERS were not discontented

" On account of the Provinces KELLORAM rented?

" I mean, can you tell us, *what sort of impression*

" Was made on their minds by *this horrid transgres-*
son?"

But DALLAS, who thinks 'twere as safe to confide

In the constant, and uniform flux of the tide;

As fit to rely on the course of the wind,

As it were to depend on the thoughts of mankind,

Begg'd leave to their LORDSHIPS to make a sugges-
tion,

That the EVIDENCE *ought not* to answer the question.

But PLUMMY his question refus'd to withdraw,

And 'twas therefore referr'd to the JUDGES *of Law*.

Their LORDSHIPS, of course, were oblig'd to ad-
journ,

And I hope, on next *Thursday*, to see them return:

A question important will then be adjusted,

Whether public opinion is fit to be trusted?

You, SIMON, remember, that CHARLEY *once*
 mov'd,
 To create SEVEN KINGS, and the COMMONS *approv'd*
 Of the MEN and the MEASURE, and 'twould
 have gone down,
 Had the TERROR not spread thro' each city and
 town,
 That NORTH and CHARLES FOX meant to *seize on*
the Crown.
 CHARLES has often'd declar'd, by the force of DE-
 LUSION,
 PITT and THURLOW occasion'd THAT scene of
 confusion;
Common Fame, he affirm'd, was an impudent Jade,
 Which had ruin'd his friends, and the Nation be-
 tray'd;
 But in HASTINGS's case all this doctrine's unsound,
 And it now suits Friend CHARLES to rely on fresh
 ground.

There is one thing, *Dear BROTHER*, I wish to ob-
 trude
 On your patience a moment, before I conclude:
 You remember, BURKE formerly said to *the COURT*,
 That one Mr. PATERSON made *that Report*,
 From which he extracted the wonderful things
 Perform'd by the cruel, iniquitous SINGS:

This

This Gentleman hearing that BURKE had exprest,
To the higheft Tribunal, a humble request,
That his own name and PATERSON's, *ty'd by one te-*
ther,

To time's latest moment *might go down together,*
Has asserted, but wherefore I cannot conceive,
That he does not like having BURKE *pinn'd to his*
sleeve :

He, therefore, has publish'd a strong *Declaration,*
To shew BURKE was guilty of *gross defamation,*
When DEBY SING's crimes were to HASTINGS im-
puted ;
And thus the *whole calumny stands now refuted.*

I know there are those who suppose it a *plot,*
A forgery, done by that treacherous SCOTT ;
And, indeed, I must own, it looks rather suspicious,
As SCOTT, without doubt, is extremely officious,
And, without the *least scruple,* would offer a fee
To PATERSON, JOSEPH, or even to ME ;
And I hear there are some of the ORATOR's *tribe,*
Who suspect honest JOSEPH of *taking a bribe ;*
But this *is a story* that never can hold,
For the *virtue* of JOSEPH is *proof against gold—*
Your men of sound judgment are apt to suppose,
That JOSEPH *the ruin of EDMUND foreknows.*

And

And therefore, in order to make *his escape*,
Pick'd a quarrel, and got himself *out of the scrape*;
But whate'er be his motive, to me it is hateful,
To see *human nature* so very ungrateful;
And tho' *all others* leave him *alone to be hurt*,
I will ever stick to him *as close as his shirt*.

THE WORLD,
April 29, 1790.

ODE

TO

THE MUSE.

O, LET me seize thy pen sublime
 That paints in melting dulcet rhyme,
 The glowing pow'r, the magic art,
 Th'ecstatic raptures of the heart;
 Soft beauty's timid smile serene,
 The dimples of love's sportive mien;
 The sweet descriptive tale to trace;
 To picture nature's winning grace;
 To steal the tear from pity's eye;
 To catch the sympathetic sigh;
 O teach me, with swift lightning's force
 To watch wild passion's varying course;
 To mark th'enthusiast's vivid fire,
 Or calmly touch thy golden lyre,
 While gentle REASON mildly sings
 Responsive to the trembling strings.

Sweet nymph, enchanting POETRY!
 I dedicate my mind to THEE,

Oh!

Oh! from thy bright Parnassian bow'rs
Descend, to bless my sombre hours;
Bend to the earth thy eagle wing,
And on its glowing plumage bring
Blithe fancy, from whose burning eye
The young ideas sparkling fly;
O come! and let us fondly stray,
Where rosy health shall lead the way,
And soft FAVONIUS lightly spread
A perfum'd carpet as we tread;
Ah! let us from the world remove
The calm forgetfulness to prove,
Which at the still of evening's close,
Lulls the tir'd peasant to repose;
Repose, whose balmy joys o'er-pay
The fultry labours of the day.

And when the blue-ey'd dawn appears,
Just peeping thro' her veil of tears;
Or blushing opes her silver gate,
And on its threshold stands elate,
And flings her rosy mantle far
O'er every loit'ring dewy star;
And calls the wanton breezes forth,
And sprinkles diamonds o'er the earth;
While in the greenwood's shade profound,
The insect race, with buzzing sound

Flit

Flit o'er the rill,—a glitt'ring train,
Or swarm along the fultry plain.
Then in sweet converse let us rove
Where in the rhyme embroider'd grove,
The musky air its fragrance pours
Upon the silv'ry scatter'd show'rs;
To hail soft *Zephyr*, as she goes
To fan the dew-drop from the *Rose*;
To shelter from the scorching beam,
And muse beside the rippling stream.

Or when, at twilight's placid hour,
We stroll to some sequester'd bow'r,
And watch the haughty sun retire
Beneath his canopy of fire ;
While flow the dusky clouds enfold
Day's crimson curtains fring'd with gold ;
And o'er the meadows faintly fly,
Pale shadows of the purpling sky :
While lofty o'er the pearl-deck'd plain,
Cold Dian leads the sylvan train ;
In mazy dance and sportive glee,
SWEET MUSE, I'll fondly turn to thee ;
And thou shalt deck my couch with flow'rs,
And wing with joy my silent hours.

When

When sleep, with downy hand, shall spread
A wreath of poppies round my head :
Then, FANCY, on her wing sublime,
Shall waft me to the sacred clime,
Where my enlighten'd sense shall view
Thro' either realms of azure hue,
That flame, where SHAKESPEARE us'd to fill,
With matchless fire his " golden quill,"
While from its point bright genius caught
The wit supreme, the glowing thought,
The magic tone, that sweetly hung
About the music of his tongue.
Then, will I skim the floating air,
On a light couch of Gossamer,
While with my wonder-aching eye
I contemplate the spangled sky,
And hear the vaulted roof repeat
The song of inspiration sweet ;
While round, the winged cherub train
Shall iterate the æry strain :
Swift thro' my quiv'ring nerves shall float
The tremours of each thrilling note ;
And every eager sense confess
Ecstatic transport's wild excess :
Till, waking from the glorious dream,
I hail the morn's refulgent beam.

DEAR

DEAR MAID! of ever varying mien
Exulting, pensive, gay, serene,
Now, in transcendent pathos drest,
Now, gentle as the turtle's breast;
Where'er thy feath'ry steps shall lead,
To side-long hill, or flow'ry mead;
To sorrow's coldest, darkest cell,
Or where by Cynthia's glimm'ring ray,
The dapper fairies frisk and play
About some cowslip's golden bell;
And in their wanton frolic mirth,
Pluck the young daisies from the earth,
To canopy their tiny heads,
And decorate their verdant beds;
While to the grass-hopper's shrill tune
They quaff libations to the moon,
From acorn goblets, amply fill'd
With dew, from op'ning flow'rs distill'd,
Or when the lurid tempest pours
From its dark urn, impetuous show'rs,
Or from its brows terrific frown,
Hurls the pale murd'rous lightnings down,
To thy enchanting breast I'll spring,
And shield me, with thy golden wing.
Or when amidst ethereal fire,
Thou strik'st thy DELLA CRUSCAN lyre,

While

While round to catch the heavenly song
Myriads of wond'ring seraphs throng ;
Whether thy harp's empassion'd strain
Pours forth an OVID's tender pain ;
Or in PINDARIC flights sublime,
Re-echoes thro' the starry clime ;
Thee I'll adore ;—transcendent guest !
And woo thee to my burning breast.
But, if thy magic powers impart
One soft sensation to the heart ;
If thy warm precepts can dispense
One thrilling transport o'er the sense ;
Oh! keep thy gifts, and let me fly,
IN APATHY's cold arms to die.

LAURA.

THE WORLD.

SIMKIN IN LONDON,

TO HIS

BROTHER SIMON in WALES.

DEAR SIMON, the LORDS have been pleas'd to decide,

That in *popular clamour* you should not confide ;
This the MANAGERS think is provokingly odd,
As the *Voice* of a *Mob* is the *Voice* of *their God*.
When the CHANCELLOR stated the COURT's Resolution,

That the *Question* was foreign to *this Prosecution*,
Fox rose, and in passionate language lamented,
That *himself* and his *party* were *all discontented*.
His *disconsolate wailings* I need not go o'er,
As you've had them repeated so often before.

When CHARLEY had given full scope to his tongue,

PLUMBOSO a second time called upon YOUNG.
He had scarce wish'd to ask (for he wanted to know,) What Effects were observ'd or expected to flow,

VOL. IV.

M

From

From CULLIAN SING's and from KELLORAM's
renting—

When up started LAW, for the sake of dissenting.
This LAW, I've observ'd, is a constant *Dissenter*,
And should bear the *nickname* of the *Question Preven-*
ter.

He declar'd that PLUMBOSO was trying *once more*
A proof which the Court had *rejected before*.
In aid of ANSTRUTHER, and LAW to oppose,
A *Trio of Heroes* invincible rose :

CHARLES said there was nothing unjust or absurd
In HASTINGS's changing the *Revenue Board*;
That the *Act in itself* might be proper and right,
But the *Motives*, perhaps, were not very upright.
That the MANAGERS would be exceedingly glad,
Could they make out a proof that his *motives were*
bad ;

And therefore their LORDSHIPS must not think it
strange,

If the *Crime-hunting* MANAGERS wander and range.

In this way the *Invincibles* argued and reason'd,
But their language, it seems, was not *properly sea-*
son'd.

When WYNDHAM, that *Metaphysician* profound,
Arose and observ'd, they were *trying the ground*,

And

And by *tentative instances* making a trial
 To discover the grounds of their LORDSHIPS' denial.
 And having remark'd that the *breaking of rocks*
 Is perform'd by the *quick repetition of knocks*,
 He repeated again all the sayings of Fox. }
 But in spite of their *new metaphysical dress*,
Old arguments fail'd of obtaining success;
 For the CHANCELLOR said, that the *present obtrusion*
 Came into the *range* of their *former conclusion*.

Then BURKE rising up, began *ringing the changes*
 Upon *Bombs, Shots and Shells*, and their *different*
ranges.

His similitudes pleasantly tended to shew,
 That in battering HASTINGS, their *damnable foe*,
 The MANAGERS ought not to narrow their plan,
 But *enlarge and extend* it as far as they can:
 That all *Laws of Evidence* should be abolish'd,
 Or *suspended* at least, till the *Prisoner's demolish'd*.

LAW rose, and requested permission to say,
 That 'twere needless to answer, except for delay.
 Fox answer'd, and freely admitted 'twere wrong
 That HASTINGS's Trial continued so long;
 The PUBLIC, whose hearts are not iron and steel,
 For the sufferings of HASTINGS now visibly feel.

The LORDS and the COMMONS are ready to say,
 They sincerely lament, and *condemn the delay*.
 'Tis usual with those who are broaching of lies
 To summon that Witness who seldom replies;
 So CHARLES, who the general sentiment knew
 With regard to *delay*, and to whom it is due,
 Repeatedly call'd upon GOD to attend,
 And to vouch for the truth of himself and his friend;
 To bear in perpetual remembrance, that they
 Were not instrumental in causing delay.
 But till this Appeal shall produce some effect,
 The people, I fear, will be apt to suspect,
 That the reason of making divine invocation,
 Is because there exists not a man in the Nation
 But looks on *delay* as an artful provision
 Against the effects of their LORDSHIPS' decision.

After arguments tedious, the *Heroes* withdraw
 Their Question, without the decision of *Law*.
 As KELLORAM fail'd, the *Invincibles* bring
 A new *Accusation*, about GOVIND SING,
 Whose pow'rs, they maintain'd, were so very extensive,
 That they trusted their LORDSHIPS would deem it
 offensive.
 PLUMMY wanted to know, so he made a request,
 To ask if the Natives were ever oppress.

But

But LAW, who for ever objects to digression,
 Would consent to no Question concerning *Oppression*.
 He said, as *Oppression* was *not in the Charge*,
 On *that* 'twere incompetent now to enlarge;
 Nor could words of *Inference* plac'd at the end,
 To *substantive acts* of *Oppression* extend.
 But EDMUND and CHARLES, who at some little distance

Heard the *cry of distress*, flew to PLUMMY's assistance,
 And now was another *Tongue Battle* begun.

BURKE said, that the tying of Father and Son
 Was a *substantive act* of *Oppression*, and more
 Than an *Inference* ever admitted before.

But CHARLES, who has often been known to contend

For all manner of Rights as they *answer his end*;
 Who is one day for *throwing a Monarchy down*,
 And the next standing up for the *Rights of the Crown*;
 Who, we all well remember, not many months since
 Was the Advocate bold for the *Rights of the PRINCE*;
 Who once call'd the *People the Fountain*, and then
 Plac'd the *Fountain of Power* in the *Parliament Men*;
 Now says, that the COMMONS may justly dispense
 With all Rules of Evidence, Reason and Sense;
 That the COMMONS are *Laymen*, and *not Men of Letters*,
 Unus'd to be bound in *Legality's Fetters*;

That proof by them offer'd should ne'er be rejected,
But thankfully taken, and highly respected ;
That the COMMONS of ENGLAND not being *Law*
Readers,
Are not to be treated like *Common Law Pleadors.*

To settle this Question their LORDSHIPS with-
draw,
And perhaps will refer it to JUDGES of LAW.

I have only to tell you, that BURKE is so nettled
By the manner in which the last Question was settled,
That he's gone back to those who the Trial appointed,
To complain that his *Schemes* are all *crack'd* and *dis-*
jointed.

THE WORLD,
May 4, 1790.

FROM
VOLTAIRE.

*Si vous voulez qui j'aime encore,
Rendez moi l'age des amours;
Joignez s'il se peut l'aurore
Au Crepuscule de mes jours.*

ME to Love's joys would you invite?
Then show me Love's forgotten way,
Then join to the cold gloom of night
Vivacious morning's glad'ning ray.

From the gay raptures of that scene,
Where festive love prolongs the day,
From Bacchus and the Cyprian Queen,
Alas! Time beckons me away.

Since old, then let him make me sage,
And teach me well myself to know;
Who joins the wings of Love to Age,
Adds wretchedness to Age's woe.

Let me quit youth's voluptuous plan,
And Reason's dictates once believe;
Two moments make the age of man—
One then to Wisdom let me give.

Yet art thou then for ever fled,
Thou dear Delusion's real joy!
And flatt'ring Hope by Fancy fed,
Free from the truths that Peace destroy.

That twice we die too well I know,
To cease to love and cease to please;
This, this is death in all its woe—
To cease to live is peace and ease.

'Twas thus in sad reflection lost,
I linger'd still on Pleasure's ground;
Still loath to quit the flow'ry coast,
Tho' there, for me, no flow'r was found.

When lo! with decent lovely mien,
Soft Friendship caught my wand'ring sight,
She seem'd to vie with Beauty's Queen,
And shone more placid, tho' less bright.

Enamour'd with her modest grace,
The beams of comfort o'er me shone,
I follow'd her with willing pace,
But sigh'd to follow her alone.

THE WORLD,
July 24, 1790.

LINES.
TO
THE MEMORY
OF
RICHARD BOYLE, ESQ.

Who died at Briston, October, 1788;

By MRS. ROBINSON.

IF WORTH, too early to the grave consign'd,
Can claim the pitying tear, or touch the mind?
If manly sentiments, unstain'd by art,
Could waken FRIENDSHIP, or delight the heart?
Ill-fated youth! to THEE the muse shall pay
The last sad tribute of a mournful lay:
On thy lone grave shall MAY's soft dews be shed,
And fairest flow'rets blossom o'er thy head;
The drooping lily, and the snow-drop pale,
Mingling their fragrant leaves, shall there recline,
While CHERUBS hov'ring on th'etherial gale,
Shall chaunt a requiem o'er the hallow'd shrine.
And if REFLECTION's piercing eye should scan,
The trivial frailties of imperfect MAN;

If

If in thy generous heart those passions dwelt,
Which all should own,—and all that live, have felt;
Yet, was thy polish'd mind, so pure, so brave,
The young admir'd thee,—and the old forgave.
No sordid vice, no mean insidious art,
E'er dimm'd the lustre of thy glowing heart,
And when stern FATE, with ruthless rancour press'd
Thy with'ring graces to her flinty breast,
Bright JUSTICE darted from her bless'd abode,
And bore thy VIRTUES to the throne of GOD;
While cold OBLIVION stealing o'er thy mind,
Each youthful folly to the grave consign'd.

O, if thy purer spirit deigns to know
Each thought, that passes in this vale of woe,
Accept the incense of a tender tear,
By PITY wafted on a sigh sincere.
And if the weeping MUSE a wreath cou'd give,
To grace thy tomb, and bid thy VIRTUES live;
Then, WEALTH should blush, the gilded mask to
wear,
And AVARICE shrink, the victim of DESPAIR;—
While GENIUS, bending o'er thy sable bier,
Should mourn her darling SON with many a tear;
While in HER pensive form, the world should view,
The ONLY PARENT, that thy SORROWS knew.—

SIMKIN IN LONDON,
TO HIS
BROTHER SIMON in WALES.

MY silence, DEAR BROTHER, you must not ascribe
To my want of attention, or *taking a bribe* ;
For though to the HALL I've paid constant attention,
I have heard nothing lately deserving of mention :
E'en EDMUND, great EDMUND, began to despair,
As the JUDGES, *he thinks, have decided unfair* ;
These grave formal Gentlemen can't be persuaded
To admit of *formality's being invaded* ;
They tell us, that even in HASTINGS's cause,
Respect should be paid to old customs and laws ;
And that, whether the PRIS'NER's condemn'd or
acquitted,
No *illegal evidence* should be admitted.
Mean time the *fine* ORATOR's daily complaining,
Of necessity urgent, for *twisting and straining* ;
Nor can he believe that the law is so brittle,
As not to allow of its *twisting a little* ;
And indeed, my DEAR BROTHER, with grief I ob-
serve,
Those inflexible men never vary or swerve :

I've

I've read how the feelings of HECTOR distress
 Awaken'd soft pity in JUPITER's breast ;
 How the Son of old TELAMON miss'd of his mark,
 When he *hurl'd* at the TROJANS his spear in the dark ;
 How he pray'd to the God *for renewal of light*,
 His petition was heard, *and he conquer'd in fight* :
 But the JUDGES unmov'd, see the ORATOR blunder
 They are equally deaf to their *whisper* and *thunder* ;
 That is, without pity they see him despond,
 And, remorseless, prohibit his going beyond
 The *immoveable line* they think proper to draw,
 According to RULE, JURISPRUDENCE, and LAW.

Thus fetter'd and hamper'd, I can't but admire
 The ORATOR's strength, perseverance, and fire,
 When in this metaphysical manner of speaking,
 He said, *though his vessel was bulging and leaking*,
 Nay more, notwithstanding he could not help think-
 ing

*The whole FLEET of IMPEACHMENT in danger of sink-
 ing,*

He would *not* quit *his ship*, howe'er crazy or crank,
 But, like Captain RIQU, would sit on a *plank* ;
 And for this, t'other day, to *the HOUSE* he return'd,
 Where his want of success he lamented and mourn'd ;
 Then, to cheer up his men, he arose in his place,
 And sung them *a Stanza* from old CHEVY CHACE.

On

On their LORDSHIPS, *in verse*, he intreated God's
 blessing,
Whilst he read them, *in prose*, upon *patience* a lesson.

When the HERO had clos'd his *deplorable ditty*,
He said that *three parts* were *objects of pity*;
And that, though three sessions already had run,
Since the glorious *Impeachment* of HASTINGS begun,
The *number of hours* he precisely had counted,
To One Hundred and Eighty and Nine, they amount-
 ed,

Which being divided by MANAGERS twenty,
Gave none of them reason to boast of a plenty;
The public, he said, without reason complain'd,
That to answer *no purpose*, their pockets are drain'd;
And whilst they repine at *consumption of wealth*,
WARREN HASTINGS laments the *decline of his health*;
That his *hurt constitution* he wants to repair,
By going abroad, or by changing the air;
But EDMUND supposes the place where he dwells,
Or BAGNIGGE, or TUNBRIDGE, or *some other Wells*,
Might serve for the present his health to restore.
And enable his spirits to *suffer much more*.
Then he said, tho' the *militant* MANAGER's toils
Had ne'er been rewarded by honours or spoils,
Tho' *disgrace* had attended himself and his host,
They were *pity'd the least*, yet *deserv'd it the most*.

He

He clos'd with a Motion, for *further extension*
Of POWER, and the HOUSE has *increased its dimension*.

And now of *success* he increases the hope,
From this beneficial *enlargement of scope* ;
From enlargement of scope comes *enlargement of fun*,
As all his *outdoings* will now be *outdone* :
Tho' there's an old Proverb now laid on the shelf,
Which says, " Give him Rope, and a man hangs
" himself !"

THE WORLD,
May 18, 1790.

TO

A BEE.

SWEET, gentle BEE, through nature flying,
 Should you behold the maid I love,
 Steal to her breast, and, fondly sighing,
 Taste what I cannot—dare not—prove.
 Catch, in the flutt'ring of thy pinion,
 Sighs which are breath'd for her alone :
 Say, that, preferring her dominion,
 Love on my heart has fix'd his throne.

Should she, regardless of her lover,
 Smile on the flatt'ring circle round,
 And, by her looks, a joy discover,
 When in her ear their praises sound,
 Rise on thy wings, in pity to me ;
 Hum round the dear deluded maid ;
 Break by thy noise what must undo me ;
 Stifle each sentence Falshood made.

Still, if ensnar'd by giddy fashion,
 Spite of thy care and buzzing wing,
 Strangers encroach upon my passion,
 Perch on her lip, and whet thy sting ;

Guard,

Guard, if thou can'st, the balmy treasure,
Which to those lips the Loves impart:
Punish each wretch with vengeful pleasure;
Teach him to trespass on my heart.

OROONOKO.

THE WORLD,
August 5, 1790.

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N

TO

THE BEE.

Go, *idle Bee!* th'ungen'rous task resign,
 "Rise on thy wings," and speed thee far away;
 Go, tell thy *jealous Master*, truth like mine,
 Rejects the doubts, his cautious fears betray.—
 Yet e'er from hence thou bend'st thine airy flight,
 When mix'd in fashion's gay, fantastic round,
 Mark, if "*the flattering Circle*" gives delight,
 When in my list'ning ear "their praises sound."

With jealous fear, mark, if my swimming eyes
 One ray of conscious pleasure seem to speak:
 Or if the timid blush of soft surprize,
 With chasten'd rapture, mantles o'er my cheek.—
 Tell him, the eye that seeks for ONE alone,
 For fancied wrongs, sheds no repining tears,
 Nor can the heart, where Love has "fix'd his throne,"
 Be chill'd by absence, or ungen'rous fears.

But tenderness is never so express'd,
 Nor from complaining seeks to gain relief,
 For true affection, when by walls oppress'd,
 Conceals the sighs that might betray its grief.

Tell

Tell him, what deep regret that heart must prove;
Tell him in death, the only balm is found,
When with unerring skill, the hand we love,
By cold suspicion dares inflict the wound.

IMOINDA.

THE WORLD,
August 9, 1790.

SIMKIN IN LONDON,

TO HIS

BROTHER SIMON in WALES.

THIS DAY the *great* HEROES went on, as before,
In adduction of proof, so they called upon MOORE.
Next, HARWOOD was ask'd, *whether in his opinion*
A COUNCIL PROVINCIAL *was fit for dominion?*
Which question must mean, if in HARWOOD's be-
lief

He himself was a *competent Revenue Chief?*
The answer came out, as might well be expected,
That his *merit was great and should not be neglected.*
The answerer said, he a paper would read,
To shew HASTINGS's system *was wicked indeed;*
That the HOUSE was not *bolted* so very secure,
As to hinder *oppression* from ent'ring the door.
The paper was read, and it tended to show,
That DEBY, whose story you perfectly know,
According to HASTINGS's written confession,
Might *possibly sin*, and *conceal the transgression.*

PLUM-

PLUMBOSO next said, he was going to state
The transgressions of DEBY, enormously great;
But LAW, whom repeated experience has taught,
That *sterility's* never a Manager's fault;
That when they perceive their own evidence failing,
Supply the defect by invention and railing—
Objected thereto, unless PLUMMY could show him,
That the *Episode* made *any part* of the *Poem*.

Then EDMUND, who's always at hand to assist,
When HASTINGS's Counsellors enter the list,
Who is always prepar'd to renew the attack,
When the *leaden-arm'd* PLUMMY is forc'd to give back;
Like DIOMED, clad in an *armour of brags*,
Oppos'd his trim breast, and disputed *the pass*.
When the contest was ended, their LORDSHIPS with-
drew,

To resolve to which party the victory's due.
They return'd, and declar'd, 'twere improper to
bring,

Or renew the *old story* about DEBY SING;
Then EDMUND, apparently much discontented,
Exclaim'd, and their LORDSHIPS decision lamented!
He said, that altho' WARREN HASTINGS, 'tis true,
With *the actions* of DEBY has nothing to do;
Tho' even by us 'tis no longer disputed,
That *another man's crimes* should to him be imputed;

Tho'

Tho' directly at him we can't possibly strike,
Yet it is our intention to wound him oblique.

You remember, my LORDS, when I first laid before ye,
In my opening oration, this horrible story,
I made it as gloomy and black as I cou'd,
And the audience allow'd that the painting was good;
Some Ladies, of very high rank, were affected,
Your LORDSHIPS were hurt, and the country dejected;
And now, with permission, as PLUMMY has stated,
The story by him shall again be related.

Here LAW, who on EDMUND still fixes his eye,
Arose in his place, with intent to reply,
When one of the NOBLES, who thinks alteration
Of very small service to investigation,
Call'd EDMUND to order! and said, 'twere in vain,
Of the COURT's Resolution for him to complain:
That whether the story was groundless or true,
And whether 'twere DEBY's or HASTINGS's due,
'Twere incompetent now upon that to enlarge,
As nothing thereof could be found in the charge.
This keen observation, more pointed than steel,
Through the Armour of Brass made the ORATOR feel;
He

He said, " The first CHARACTER England could
" boast

" For justice, deservedly valued the most,
" Had declar'd, that unless I shall make it appear,
" That the story of DEBY is founded and clear;
" That from HASTINGS the mass of iniquity sprung,
" *I ought to be damn'd for my slanderous tongue:*
" And now we are proving^s the things DEBY did,
" To proceed with our proof by the Court we're
" forbid;
" And HASTINGS, who bully'd us once with denial,
" Of guilt is alarm'd, and now shrinks from the
" trial."

LAW heard, and indignantly casting his eye
On EDMUND, made this most provoking reply:
" So distant, My LORDS, is my client from *shrinking*
" From trial, so little in danger of *sinking*,
" That what of the COMMONS he once did implore,
" Of the MANAGERS now he solicits once more.
" My CLIENT, indeed, will rejoice and be glad,
" If the MANAGERS now will *an* ARTICLE *add*.—
" If the MANAGERS *now* will an Article frame,
" My CLIENT is ready to answer the same;
" And if he disproves not the whole they have said,
" Let vengeance perpetual fall on his head:
" But,

-
- " But, My LORDS, this great Champion now hec-
 " tors and swaggers,
 " In a way that is usual with *Bullies* and *Braggers*:
 " A *Challenge* they gave, but so cunningly make it,
 " That they know 'tis impossible HASTINGS should
 " take it;
 " Foreseeing their danger, they *carefully shun*
 " The way it might yet be *successfully done*.

While LAW was pronouncing this *daring ORATION*,
 I observ'd EDMUND's visage in *vast agitation*;
 He seem'd to be sinking with horrors and woes,
 And the *bottle* was often applied to his *nose*;
 The MANAGERS all appear'd sadly perplex'd,
 Not knowing *what proof they shou'd offer the next*;
 They had scarcely recover'd their fright and confu-
 sion,
 When the business of yesterday came to conclusion.

THE WORLD,
 May 20, 1796.

ADDRESS

Written for

MRS. BELLAMY,

BY

E. TOPHAM, Esq.

On her appearance at Drury Lane for her Benefit.

WITH trembling steps and slow I take my stand,
To pay the homage you may well command :
—A stage-worn HEROINE in me you view,
Child of misfortune and misconduct too !
Who had she but possess'd that prudent art,
Which governs by *Arithmetic*—the heart ;
That feels for self—and not another's grief—
This day she had not sought your kind relief,
But in some calm retreat had pass'd her age,
Nor “ fretted her last hour upon the stage.”

On these known boards and on this long-left scene,
Humbled as now I am—the time has been
When these poor talents have engag'd applause,
And SHAKESPEARE'S *Juliet* pleaded in my cause.

VOL. IV.

O

—A fainter

—A fainter star in the theatric sky—
When CIBBER and HER GARRICK blaz'd on high,
With humbler powers MYSELF and BARRY strove
To gain the palm of tragedy and love :
Close by our PREMIER we the question tried,
And some majorities have grac'd our side.

But these short boasts and little glories past,
To " this complection am I come at last."

Ye gentle fair—who grace each splendid row
To lend that aid the good can only know,
Feel for the weakness youth and praise inspir'd
And learn how fatal 'tis—to be admir'd—
Feel for the dangers which surround the stage,
And let not youthful follies—marr my age.

Oh! could I more—but may your virtuous deed
Pluck from my pillow all the thorns of need,
May you be blest yourselves in what you gave,
And feel the transports which you felt—to save.

N. B. The Lady was unable to speak this Address. She only appeared on the Stage, and MISS FARREN kindly gave her that aid in another Address, which she was unable to give herself in this.

THE END.